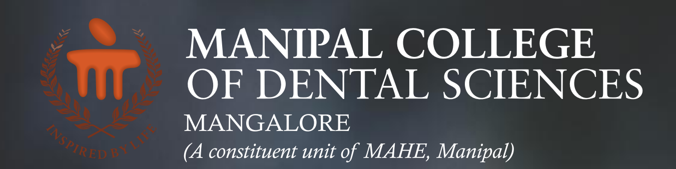




CONCRESCENCE

Magazine 2017-18


Art by
Aishwarya Srinivasan
Batch of 2017

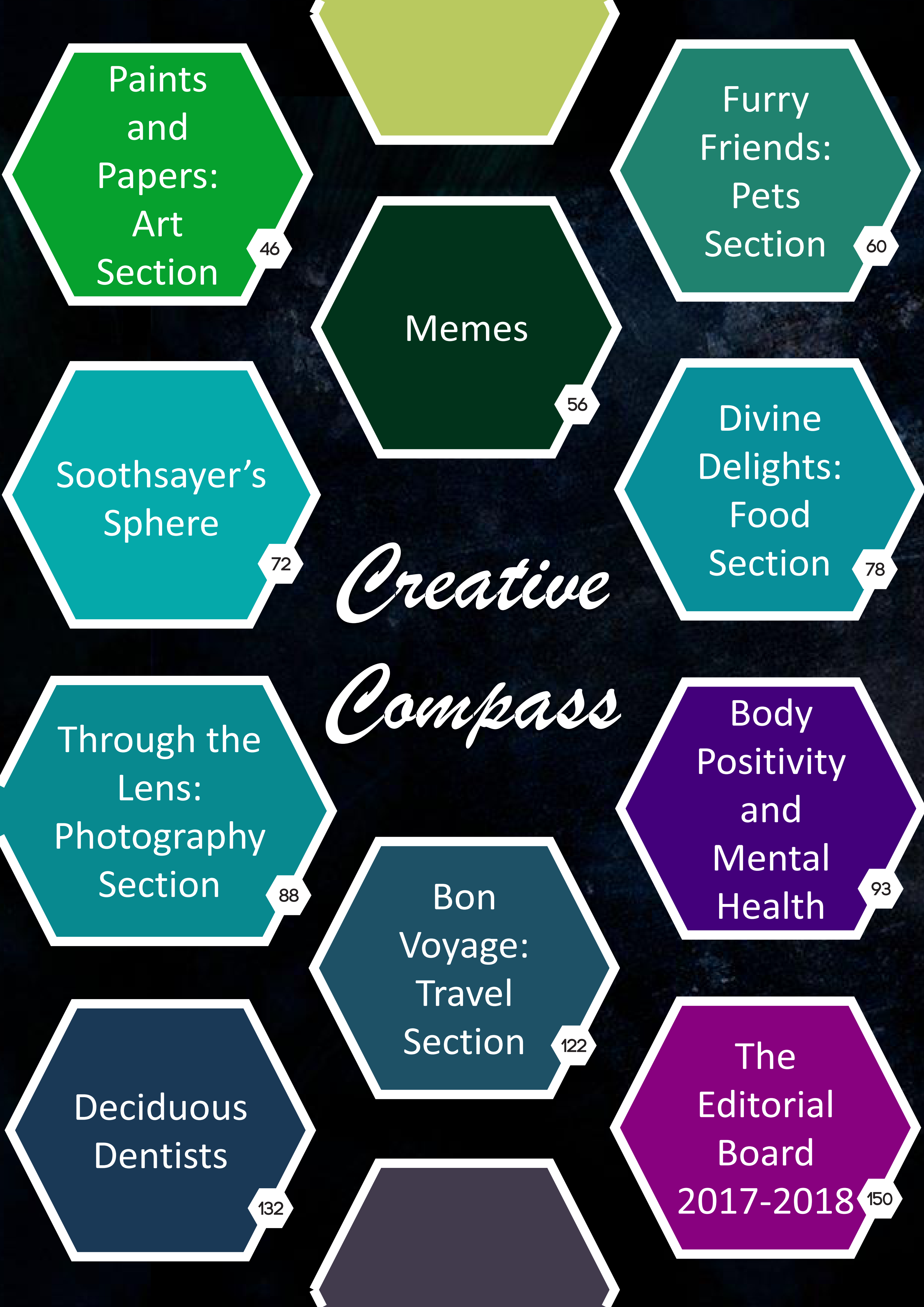
Dedicated to,

The meshwork of memories that become our muse,
The plethora of unfamiliar people that are now family,
The unstrung thoughts, and technicolor dreams,
The hustle that sometimes feels like commotion,
and at other times,
like a fresco flush with a million hues.





Creative Compass



Creative Compass


Dr. Samrina Hussain
Batch of 2013

Manipal College of Dental Sciences, Mangaluru has been one of the important units of our Deemed to be University offering and appropriate training ground to the students to not only acquire knowledge pertaining to the specialty of Dentistry but also to develop professional skills to make a success of their profession.
I have no doubt these students have already realized the importance of this modern trend and are shaping themselves in the right direction. I wish them a bright and enterprising future.

Dr. Ramdas M. Pai
Chancellor, MAHE



I am glad to know that the Student Council of MCODS Mangalore is bringing out the college magazine. The college magazine is an excellent media for students and faculty to pen their views on the scientific and social aspects of life and also provides a platform for publication of literary and photographic talents, art and academic snippets. It will document the whole year and serve as a souvenir for the outgoing batch to remind them that they were a part of this prestigious institution.
I truly appreciate the Editorial Board members in particular and other contributors who have put in hard work, time and energy to bring out this beautiful volume.
I wish the staff and students of this college all success and happiness.

Dr. V Surendra Shetty
Pro Vice Chancellor, MAHE

It is often said "Give me a copy of your college magazine, I will tell you about the quality of your college." I strongly believe in this statement. For, a magazine carries the contributions reflecting ethos and aspirations of the students, faculty and other team members of an institution.
A college may reach heights of glory but without materials like a college magazine, the outside world may not know of it. The role of a college magazine is therefore vital in promoting what an institution offers. It brings out into the open things hitherto unrevealed. It informs, engages, inspires and entertains a diverse readership - including alumni, parents, students, faculty, staff and other friends of the college - by telling powerful stories that present a compelling, timely and honest portrait of the college and its extended family.
I am happy that there is a dedicated team of staff and students who have brought out this magazine.
I wish the entire team of
MCODS, Mangalore
all the best of luck.

Dr. Poornima Baliga
Pro Vice Chancellor, MAHE



Student life is one of those golden times to nurture one's latent talents and skills, literary or otherwise. The college magazine provides the perfect platform to display the collective creativity of MCODS, Mangalore; an institution invested in fostering well rounded professionals.

I am sure CONCRESCENCE 2017-18 will be a perfect amalgamation of their thoughts and ideas. I congratulate the editorial board members for their consistent efforts and planning that have metamorphosed themselves in the form of this magazine.



Dr. Ashita Uppoor
Associate Dean
Manipal College of Dental Sciences
Mangalore

It is a sheer pleasure for me to imprint my message for CONCRESCENCE.

Dear students, quality is never an accident. It is always the result of high intention, sincere effort and skillful execution. It represents the wise choice of many alternatives.

The training you get here will surely make you excellent and compassionate professionals.

I sincerely hope that each one of you pursue a rewarding career.

Congratulations to the editorial team that has worked on CONCRESCENCE 2017-18.

I am sure it will be a true almanac showcasing talents, aspirations and achievements of our students.

My Best Wishes.



Dr. Premalatha K.
Associate Dean
Manipal College of Dental Sciences
Mangalore



A tête-à-tête with the Dean

Our editorial team interviewed our dean Dr. Dilip G. Naik on some very pressing topics. Let's hear a few words from him.

Q. What is the best thing about being a teacher?

Dr. Naik: Being a teacher is one of the most satisfying professions. Your students leave to attain big positions out in the world- it's a reflected glory. When they come and wish you, there's nothing more gratifying than that. You meet them in different parts of the world and they come and greet you, talk to you, even your wife feels you are great. (Laughs).

Q. What motivated you to take dentistry as a profession?

Dr. Naik: To be frank I wanted medicine. Dentistry happened by default. Looking back, I should've been a Chartered accountant but on account of being weak at Mathematics, Medicine was the only option I had. I did try a lot for it, and dentistry was never really my choice. It just happened.

Q. The undergraduate experience is one of the most memorable times of a student's life. How would you describe yours?

Dr. Naik: I studied at MCODS Manipal. It was different in those days. We were 40-45 students, of which there were only 9 Indians and 36 foreign students. They came from various places- Malaysia, South Africa, East Africa and Iran. My classmates are all over the globe. I got to learn a lot about their cultures, it wasn't just about studies. Even now when I visit these places, I meet my classmates. I got to know so many different perspectives of life. UG dentistry in Manipal is a different experience from all others You as students already know that.

Q. How was your campus experience?

Dr. Naik: In my campus in those days there weren't any air-conditioned classrooms. Neither were our hostels air-conditioned. We had no buses and had to walk. Commuting at night was a problem. There were no malls, though yes- we did have theatres. There were no gyms, no nothing. Yet, life was good.

Q. How involved were you in your co-curricular activities?

Dr. Naik: Dental Week was an idea brought over from Manipal by Dr. Kamath and I. Earlier, it used to be only a Manipal event. At college, I was a

good debater, I acted in plays, wrote poetry and fetched plenty of prizes. Not in sports though.

Q.After BDS, how did PG in periodontology happen?

Dr. Naik: In those days PG wasn't a very essential thing. I did have good enough marks and could've taken up conservative, but somehow periodontology was destined to happen.

Q. How important is MDS in today's scenario?

Dr. Naik: Now that is a good question. A lot of students come to me after BDS for counselling. Irrespective of whatever rank they hold, they all want to go for MDS, just for the sake of it.

My answer would be: You have to see it from your perspective as an individual, what you really want. If your interest is in Orthodontics, or Endodontics, or Prosthodontics, try to get into it. Since if you do anything else, you are unlearning what you've already learnt during your undergraduate years, and end up doing what you don't want for the next three years. Then those three years become torture for you and you end up unhappy. For example just because you've got a subject in a government college along with a government stipend, you don't just take it up if it's not something that you like. If you are not passionate about a certain course, you should not take it up at all. If you don't get MDS, it isn't the end of the world. There are different certificate courses- restoratives, implants, do those and go for practice instead. No one's asking what degree you have, where from you are- you already have the Manipal brand to your credit. MDS is individual specific. Never take up what you are not passionate about. Otherwise, later in life, you'll realize the big mistake you've made and you cannot unwind it. So this is a very crucial phase. You may want to take up MBA too. You can use MBA in health-care. I'm addressing this question with care because it is a major concern amongst students and a major problem too. They feel disillusioned if they don't get MDS.

> ‘However high you go in life, keep your feet grounded. Never forget your roots.’

Q. There has been some news about the bridge course between BDS and MBBS. What are your views about it?

Dr. Naik: People already study so much for BDS. If they are given another 2 or 3 years more, they can do MBBS. They can do both Medicine and Dentistry. One person for both the jobs. He should be paid and asked to work in the rural areas for something like 10 years after which he may come to the city and practice. I am no policy-maker, but that is what I think should be done. So it solves the problem of both students as well as the crisis of doctors that is there. The students can treat this as an alternative after BDS.

Q. What is your opinion about students passing out then vis a vis students passing out now?

Dr. Naik: Back then opportunities were in plenty, for instance if you wanted to go abroad like I did. There was no saturation. There was a lot of demand for PG, there was a lot of demand for dentistry. Now that there are dental colleges in numbers almost equal to that of medical colleges, saturation hast begun to creep in. Demand has been superseded. It is a self-created problem.

Q. After well over 2 decades of this institute's existence, do you feel that the attitude of the general public towards oral health has shifted?

Dr. Naik: Yes, definitely. You see, in a lot of places a lot of extractions are done. But in a city like Mangalore, you won't get many extractions. This is because of the establishments of various colleges and various health care programmes that oral hygiene has improved. Knowledge about root-canal, restorations, teeth saving have increased. If you go to the US, there are hardly any extractions there. We are introducing a first of its kind oral surgery lab. For practicing extractions. I felt that extraction should also be taught properly. We have not disclosed this project yet, it shall soon be inaugurated in a month.

Q. How has MCODS evolved?

Dr. Naik: Our College has evolved over the years. From where it was- 100 students and 2 departments for PG, now we've got PG in all specialties- we're running certificate programmes, 2 centres, student exchanges in the last 5 years have taken place. We've sent students to U.S, Malaysia and we hope to send them to the UK too. We've started certificate courses in restoratives in this past year, we've started Forensic course now and now we're starting endodontics courses too. We have a new outcome based curriculum, so we're able to monitor everything. Quite a few things are happening here.

Q. Sir, what has been one of the most memorable moments in your profession?

Dr.Naik: Taking on as Dean.

Q. A lesson to live by?

Dr. Naik: However high you go in life, keep your feet grounded. Never forget your roots.





1.What is the biggest risk you've ever taken?

In 1991 I went to Libya. It was a new place, an unstable environment and I knew nothing there. I was given a job in a university and stayed there for 8 years.

2.Favourite food place in Mangalore?

Goldfinch hotel

3.If you could survive on 3 things in life, what would they be?

TV, mobile and newspaper.

5.How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?

45 minutes.

6.What is the 1 fashion trend you don't understand?

Torn jeans.

7.Have you ever failed a test?

Of course. Prostho setting. Even now I can't.(laughs)

8.What is the one thing you are afraid of ?

Insects

9.If Mangalore gets submerged someday, where would you build your new home?

Coorg

10.On a scale of 1 to 10, how cool would you say you are?

10 on 10.

Somya Tyagi
Aiman Itrat Abbasi
Dr. Aakash Agnihotri

In Conversation with an exemplary Mentor

Wouldn't we all like to know what our much loved senior professor and one of the founding faculty member of our college, Dr. Mohan Baliga has to say about his college days and his message to all of us? You will see all this and more, exclusively in this interview.

Q: Sir, you've been an integral part of MCODS ever since its inception, you have seen it blossom into what it is today. So, how has your experience been?

Dr. Baliga: It has been a great experience. I thank the top management for keeping faith in me to start the department and allow it to grow to the present state.

Q: Did you ever regret getting into dentistry?

A:No, since when we were doing dentistry we had a lot of medicine friends and would visit the hospitals with them in the evenings to learn surgical skills.

Q: What motivated you to become a surgeon?

A: Oral Surgery felt something challenging while attending clinics. Dentistry in those days was considered more of an art than science, and oral surgery had a combination of both.

Q: How has your journey been?

A: I enjoy teaching quite a bit. Often, I get hilarious answers during the university vivas.

Q:How do you feel when people say that a dentist isn't doctor enough?

A: That is true even today. When we offer some cosmetic surgery to patients, coming from dentists they feel skeptical accepting it. That stigma is still there and will take a lot of public educating and time to get rid of it.

Q: How has your college experience been? Were you a front-bencher or a back bencher?

A: Oh no, ours was a small class of 10-15 students. The front rows were for the girls and the back rows for us boys. (chuckles)

Q: Who or what has been your biggest source of inspiration?

A: In the U.G days with my passion for oral surgery, the H.O.D served as my chief form of inspiration.

Q: What would you say is your dream retirement plan?

A: Get a villa in Goa or some other beach-side and settle down in a tiled house.

Q: After such a long and successful run as a surgeon, what is your message for the students?

A: Your primary aim here is to study. Complete your course in 4 years, have fun in your internship year. Don't be too much of a bookworm or too much fun-loving. Do well in your career and keep the MCODS flag flying high.

Rapid Fire

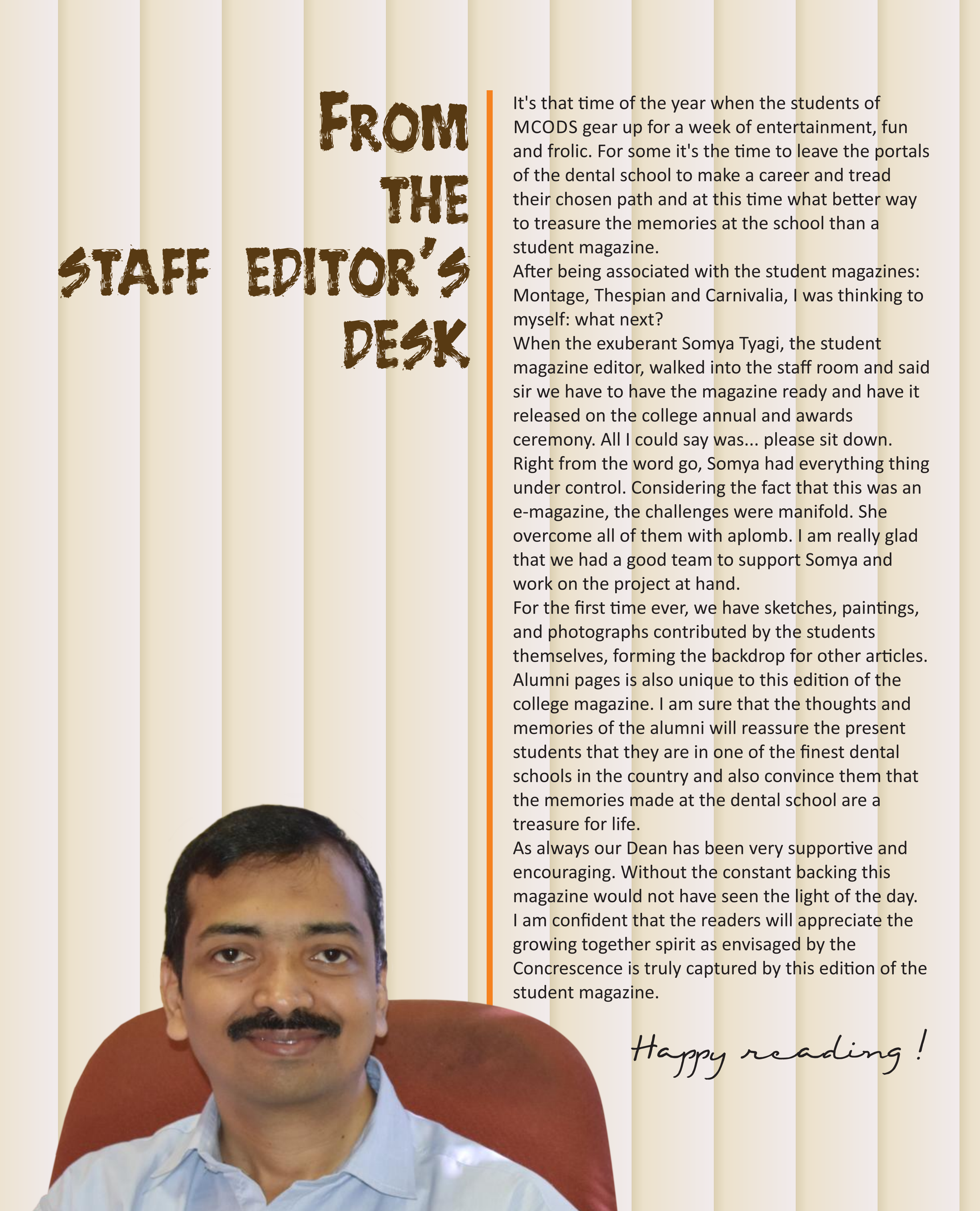
1. **What is the biggest risk you have ever taken?**
   A: Taking up dentistry and maxillofacial surgery.
2. **If you could survive on 3 things in life, what would they be?**
   A: Good entertainment programmes on T.V, good food and a relaxed beach-side villa.
3. **On a scale of 1 to 10, how funny would you say you are?**
   A: 8
4. **Have you ever failed a test?**
   A: No. Maybe yes. In college days when I would have to give a rose to a pretty girl, I would abandon the task and run away midway. So if you consider that a test...
5. **What is the one thing you're most afraid of?**
   A: My wife (chuckles)
6. **A special or undiscovered talent?**
   A: Cooking.
7. **If you were to pen your autobiography what would you title it?**
   A: My experience with dentistry and maxfax.
8. **An alternative profession?**
   A: Locomotive engine driver.

Somya Tyagi
Dr. Apoorva Anand
Dr. Aakash Agnihotri

From the Staff Editor's Desk

It's that time of the year when the students of MCODS gear up for a week of entertainment, fun and frolic. For some it's the time to leave the portals of the dental school to make a career and tread their chosen path and at this time what better way to treasure the memories at the school than a student magazine.
After being associated with the student magazines: Montage, Thespian and Carnivalia, I was thinking to myself: what next?
When the exuberant Somya Tyagi, the student magazine editor, walked into the staff room and said sir we have to have the magazine ready and have it released on the college annual and awards ceremony. All I could say was... please sit down.
Right from the word go, Somya had everything thing under control. Considering the fact that this was an e-magazine, the challenges were manifold. She overcome all of them with aplomb. I am really glad that we had a good team to support Somya and work on the project at hand.
For the first time ever, we have sketches, paintings, and photographs contributed by the students themselves, forming the backdrop for other articles. Alumni pages is also unique to this edition of the college magazine. I am sure that the thoughts and memories of the alumni will reassure the present students that they are in one of the finest dental schools in the country and also convince them that the memories made at the dental school are a treasure for life.
As always our Dean has been very supportive and encouraging. Without the constant backing this magazine would not have seen the light of the day.
I am confident that the readers will appreciate the growing together spirit as envisaged by the Concrescence is truly captured by this edition of the student magazine.

Happy reading!



The Editor's Diary

"When spider webs unite, they can tie up a lion." - Ethiopian Proverb

Pretty much like these fragile wispy threads, ideas also start off as feeble entities - fluid in form, with the constant threat of distortion if not nurtured. When innumerable ideas from countless minds amalgamate - seeking to be heard, they compel us to hone and hunt for skills that would help embody them.

"Concrescence" began as an idea within the four walls of the board room where twelve minds sat together to weave this mere developmental disorder into the finest tapestry of boisterous creativity.

The cover page is a photograph that has been captured by one of our editorial board members, Ms. Sreya Dutta. She says, the mountains inspired her. The photograph encapsulates the basic idea of the magazine, intricacy in the simplest but the strongest of ideas. Our pages are completely our own, from the articles to the backgrounds they lie on, each page is a product of the creativity that Manipal College of Dental Sciences, Mangalore is a home ground to.

For others, EditorDiaries might just be a hashtag, for me, it is an actual collective of pages supported by a thread-bound spine. Now don't think that this is an exaggeration, but I'm sure my handy diary played a key role in keeping me organized through my tenure as the magazine editor. From scribbled ideas, to to-do lists, my diary was a constant. It is a souvenir of this adventure that I cherish dearly.

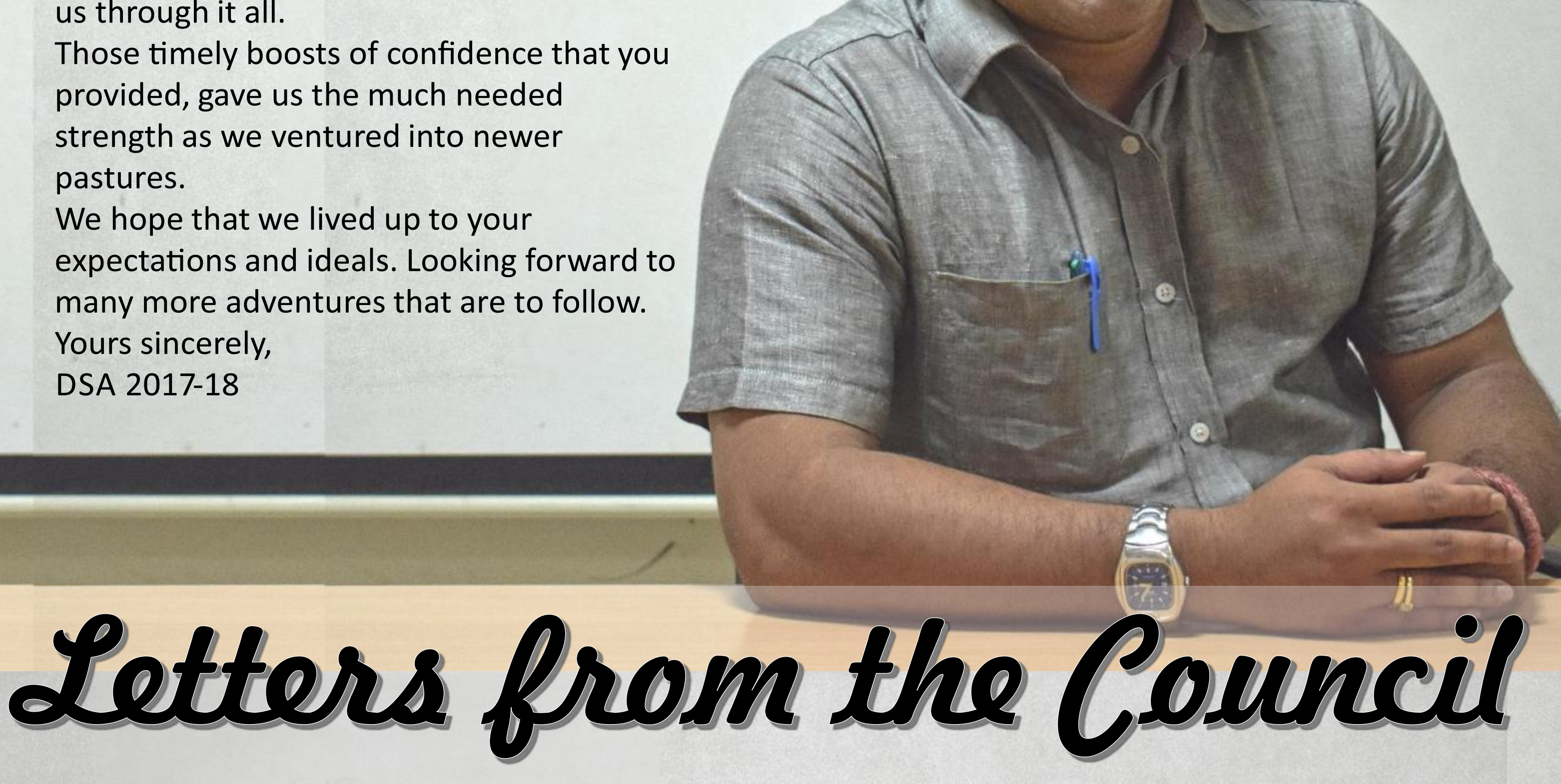
It wasn't an easy road. Endless hours spent refining and redefining crude ideas into polished jewels. Whenever I lost momentum, the sense of direction of the team remained robust. A timely execution would not have been possible without the constant guidance and practical advice of Dr. Ravikiran Ongole. A special thanks to my fellow editorial board member, Ms. Nivedha Menon - my "Senapati", for being a pillar of support through thick and thin.

As you read through this journey of a year, we hope you find a little bit of yourselves in the pages that lie ahead.



Somya Tyagi

Dear Mithun Sir,
We thank you for the unparalleled experiences and for helping us grow into people you envisioned us to be. From our events and times of doubt, from our foray into the term that would be our responsibility, from seven different naïve people into an ever ready and united team of well rounded individuals, you have lead us through it all.
Those timely boosts of confidence that you provided, gave us the much needed strength as we ventured into newer pastures.
We hope that we lived up to your expectations and ideals. Looking forward to many more adventures that are to follow.
Yours sincerely,
DSA 2017-18



Letters from the Council

Dear Mranali Ma'am,
We are grateful to you for keeping faith in us in your first term as the Sports Advisor for our college. Hosting Inter MAHE tournaments, organizing the Annual Sports Meet 2018 in Marena Greens for the first time ever, under your able guidance have helped instill in us a thorough sense of management.
We hope that we rose to the occasion and your expectations. You have been a source of inspiration to each one of us. It has been a delight to work with one of the most cheerful and positive people we have ever come across in our term.
We thank you for teaching us the meaning of true sportsmanship.
Yours sincerely,
DSA 2017-18



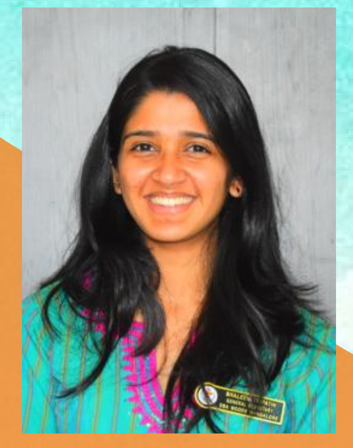
DSA 2017-18





It's true! There really isn't any substitute to experience. At the start of the year, I would think more about the post, but as time went on, that really stopped mattering! What really ever mattered, was the MCODS Mangalore part of the badge. Why is it that we voluntarily choose to go through one of the most difficult years, with a large number of people doubting us every step of the way? Why do we do it then? It's simple. We don't do it for them. We don't do it for ourselves either. We do it for the College! There is so much good we can actually do, provided we put our heart and mind to it and not get carried away. Achieve something meaningful that will not only help the college during our tenure, but also for years to come. We do it for the moments too!*Like the moment when I raised the college flag high up in the air during the Manipal Convocation. *The moment when we started the extra- curricular clubs this year and everyone so enthusiastically ensured the clubs were going to succeed.*The moment when MCODS Mangalore takes the stage and silences crowds(and the critics) with their mesmerizing performances. It really is wonderful to see how passionate the people of this college really are towards what they love. And to lead them at the helm is such a great feeling! One thing the people of this college really love is winning and we do it more often than not! MCODS Mangalore is a place where talent really does meet success. There is no 'I' in a team, there is only 'We'. I would fail in my duties if I didn't mention the ones with whom I made this journey. I was blessed with such a wonderful team of council members without whom, making it through this year would not have been possible. I would like to thank each and every one of them: Manasvi, Harsh, Aayush, Shaleen, Somya and Srishty. What seemed to be a very daunting task/year initially turned out to be one of the best and most fun filled years I've had. It gave me a sense of purpose, developed me as a person in more ways than one and made me realize my love for my college and make me want to try and raise the college flag a little bit higher.

AYAN BHADRA RAY
PRESIDENT



Time flies by so fast. It feels like it wasn't a long time ago when I was a board room volunteer debating with myself whether I wanted to be in the council or not because the work load honestly scared me .And now here I am ,General secretary of dental students association 2017-18,being asked to pen down my thoughts about the year already! I was extremely lucky to get this opportunity to work with new people as well as my closest friends under the guidance of our cultural coordinator Dr. Mithun Pai. We were united by our responsibilities irrespective of the posts we had, to successfully organize each and every event. Personally, this year was all about challenging myself constantly in order to learn new things, rethink tired processes and eventually improve to become a stronger version of myself. No matter what, I will always have a huge smile on my face whenever I think about my council year as it made me the filthy rich with all the experiences and the memories.

I am thankful to the Dean, the interview committee and Dr. Mithun Pai for finding me worthy and giving me this opportunity which enriched my overall experience in this college.

SHALEEN TRIPATHI
GENERAL SECRETARY



22nd September 2017 was the day which marked the beginning of the council year, the day when I was assigned the post of treasurer. Firstly I would like to thank the authorities for selecting me, which indeed is a proud feeling to be a council member. Secondly, I would like to thank Dr. Mithun Pai and my excellent team of co-workers who have been a constant support at all times. No two minds can think alike, there were times when we had conflicts and disagreement but in the end we gave our full support to everyone as and when needed. Being a treasurer has been a great responsibility of handling accounts. Thanks to which my banking skills have greatly improved. I would like to thank my father whose constant support and advice helped me through difficult times. At last I would like to conclude by saying"Failure is an option but success is a just a matter of team effort".

HARSH SHREY
TREASURER

When I walked into the interview room I did not know what to expect, how to prepare myself or to think if I was even qualified enough. What I had in mind was that no matter what the results are it would be an experience for me. I was nervous initially or rather throughout the interview but considering the fact that I got the spot of the sports secretary I did pass with flying colors.It has been an amazing journey ever since with something or the other to be learned every day. One of the most important things that I have learned here is teamwork which is an integral part of any workplace along with many other things such as an understanding of the sports environment, the pressure, the passion, sportsmanship and the love for the game. Though without doubt it is a big responsibility but it is one that I have begun to cherish. Sometimes it is exhausting to manage both studies and the duties of a sports secretary but I have not only been able to balance it out but it is now something that I cannot imagine my life without. I would also like to thank my faculty for entrusting me with the responsibilities of this post and I hope I am able to cater to their expectations.



AAYUSH ANAND PODDAR
SPORTS SECRETARY



Fluttering apprehension, coupled with an uneasy excitement, and lightly seasoned with fervour; the recipe for my emotions as I got off the call asking for my presence in the board room for the interview. These feelings persisted as I entered the board room and continued well after the interview concluded. Filled with nervousness I waited, until the council members were announced. The elation and zeal I experienced then, has still not diminished one bit. Through the process of becoming familiar with the other council members, and the insights we gained as a team, my knowledge and experience have transcended the boundaries of classroom learning. I can say with confidence that these shall help me best the challenges life throws at me. We were given more than a badge and a title, we were presented with the freedom to weave our collective ideas into fruition.
A chance to leave behind our mark in this college.

MANASVI WANGNOO
FINE ARTS SECRETARY



"Character cannot be developed in ease and quiet. Only through experience can the soul be strengthened, ambition inspired and success achieved."

– Helen Keller

My mind races back to the day we were initiated as the members of DSA 2017-18. Myriad feelings engaged my mind as the call of enormous responsibility occupied the same space as a child like excitement. The council year set off with a whirlwind of events – Atharv, the Diwali celebration, TAPMI, DISHA, Colosseum, our dental week and most importantly the conception of this magazine, CONCRESCENCE, have been a learning experience like no other.It has been a tenure of discoveries and epiphanies. The past year has taught me the importance of teamwork; that it is essential to stay together, to stay collected and to stay prepared.

Working with my six fellow members through the thick and thin, through the unreasonable and unseen has made it the adventure of a singular kind. I am extremely grateful to Dr. Mithun Pai who has helped us navigate the rapids, pushed us towards excellence and helped us reach the milestones. I am also indebted to Dr. Ravikiran Ongole, for his unstinted support whenever I doubted myself and giving me creative freedom. It was an honour to have been selected by the administration for this position. Nothing can upstage the uproarious delight of watching your dreams translate into reality!

SOMYA TYAGI
MAGAZINE EDITOR



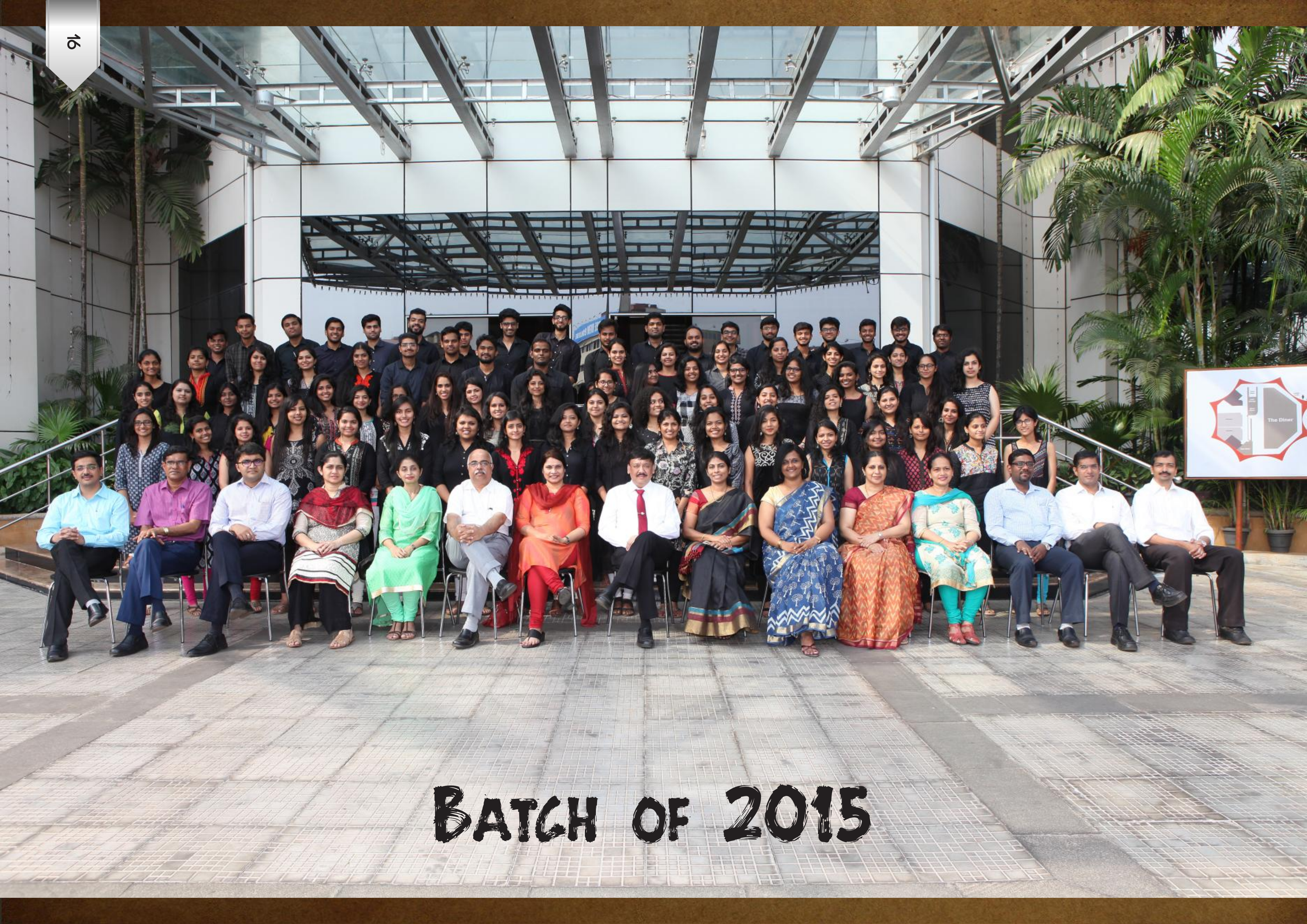
Writing this for the second e-magazine of MCODS, Mangalore is as surreal as it was the day we got the call for our surprise interview. God knows how word got around and the memory is now hazy but the next I moment I knew- I was standing with whom you all know as DSA17-18 discussing and weighing out all the right things to say. Stepping into that room, fumbling and unsure about myself- there was always one thing I was sure of-I would face any challenge thrown my way and give it my all to overcome it. My first and foremost goal being- to take DISHA a step further as the Lady Representative. It'd be safe to say that DISHA can change you, meeting and interacting with people you've never met before from different walks of life, discovering issues that normally wouldn't affect you, are experiences that can never be overshadowed by any other. And though it hasn't been an easy task being part of the council experience, it has definitely been worth it.

SRISHTY PUNDIR
LADY REPRESENTITIVE


The Diner
Batch of 2017



Batch of 2016



BATCH OF 2015



Batch of 2014



Batch of 2013


The Diner
BATCH OF PGs


Sports Meet 2018
CATHEXIS
MANIPAL COLLEGE OF DENTAL SCIENCES
MANGALORE
ANNUAL


Sports Meet 2018


COLOSSEUM 2018
NIKE


COLOSSEUM 2018
MECHATRONS
The fires
of war
rage on


COLOSSEUM 2018

DISHA

"Not all of us can do great things but we can do small things with great love"
-Mother Teresa

DISHA- standing for Direction in Society for human awareness-is an endeavor taken up by the lady representative each year and each year we all strive for a better tomorrow by all means we can provide. The year started off with collection of donation by volunteers of all batches alike, going on the streets and handing out coupons in exchange for the same; slowly raising the budget for DISHA one person at a time. The first event hence came to fruition at Ishwarananda Mahila Sevashram Society - a safe haven for young orphaned girls with whom the volunteers danced and sang in the celebration of Dussehra. Following the first event came the well awaited Diwali Party - "Atharv" where DISHA had the opportunity of putting up a stall selling various paraphernalia involving a myriad of custom made fandom art on bookmarks, posters and badges along with "Chronos" - a calendar for the upcoming academic year. The next DISHA event was held at Mother Teresa Home for destitutes where the volunteers performed various song medleys and dances creating a joyful atmosphere. DISHA also had the opportunity to visit another home soon after, namely- White Doves home for destitutes where the volunteers interacted with the inmates and learnt much about their stories along with a few performances to brighten up their day. As is famously said "charity begins from home", following suit came the fourth DISHA event at MCODS, Mangalore itself where we were able to help out our security officers over the several campuses and hostels providing them with umbrellas as the heavy monsoons prepared to strike Mangalore. To wrap this up, DISHA contributed by supporting the underprivileged children in education, scholarship and various welfare programs through CABATS INDIA TRUST; providing an opportunity to serve the society like no other under the aegis of MCODS, Mangalore.




MENTORS

This section is dedicated to the dazzling virtuosos, we have the honour to address as our mentors. The people who have influenced not only our academic progress as a college, but whose impact extends far beyond the walls of the lecture hall. Their limitless passion and constant motivation have always been the backbone of this institution.



MY EXPERIENCE AT DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS, IOWA, UNITED STATES



It was through Dr. Cowen's (Director of Geriatric Special Needs Program, College of Dentistry, University of Iowa) acquaintance that I first had the privilege of meeting Dr. Ann Broderick, at Pallium, Kerala, India in the year 2016. She had then introduced me to the very basic concepts of palliative care and we had discussed the prospects of dental care among palliative care patients in India.

While at VA, during the last few weeks I have had several interactions with Dr. Ann Broderick and her team and have had the opportunity to watch her in action and interact with her team members as well as conduct oral examination on patients.

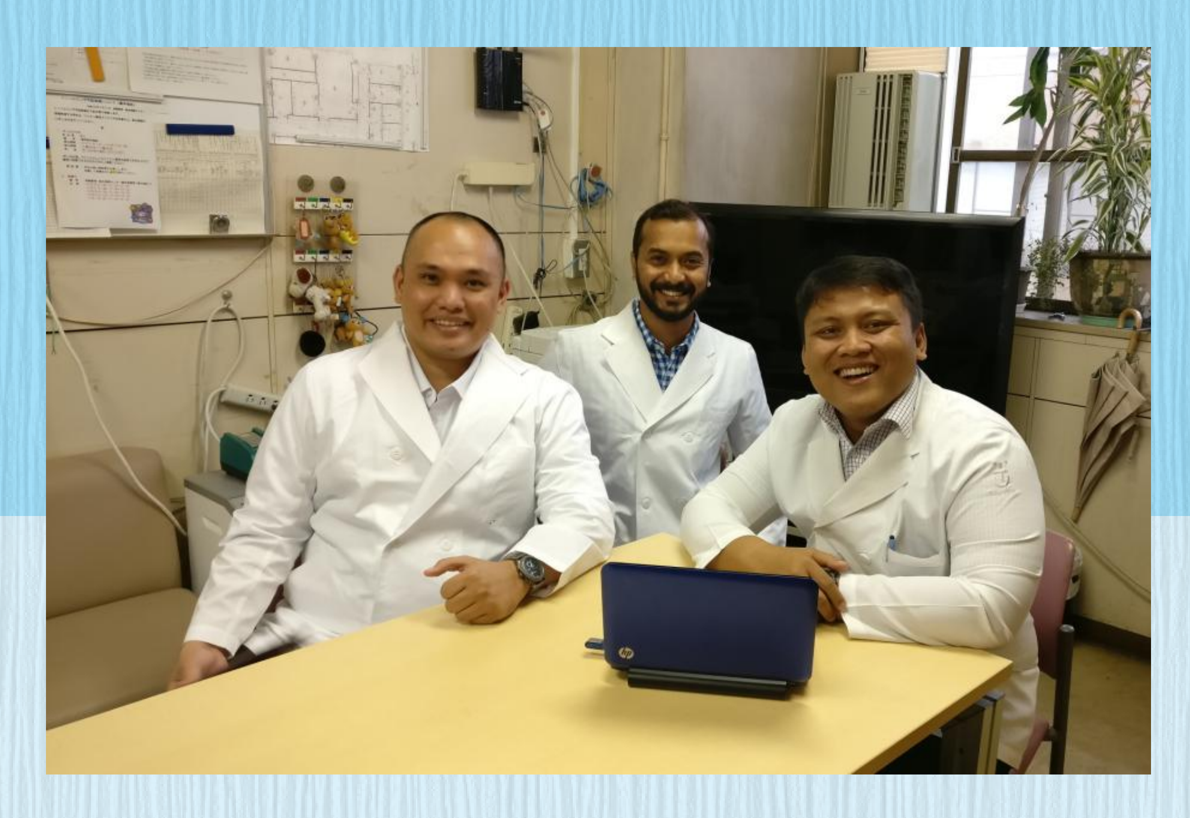
Each morning before the rounds, palliative team would meet for 30 minutes to discuss the cases. It was interesting to see that some of the team members (Dr. John Lanaghan) were primary care physicians and had been involved in care of these patients for several years. These interactions and

integration of specialist care with primary care make palliative care more fruitful and beneficial to patients.
Dr. Ann Broderick involved me in all the activities at her center. She introduced me to her patients, included me in her telephonic conversations, in meetings with patient's spouses and in writing reports.
I also had an opportunity to see the chaplain having a conversation with a patient. It helped me to observe closely the responses of the patient to these methods of total care provided by the team at VA.
A very sensitive conversation by Dr. Ann Broderick with one of her patients regarding transitioning the patient from hospital to hospice care also inspired me. Her attention to detail and concern about the opioid crisis and instructions to the patients to keep opioids in a safe and secure place was both educative and touching.
I was also introduced to the meaning and practice of hospice care during my interactions with Dr. Ann's team. The clear defining of hospice care for patients who have a life expectancy of less than six months and watching the patients transitioning from home to hospice care were experiences which I will carry back to India. In the absence of such established modes of Palliative care in India, I also participated and observed with great interest the filling of the IPOST forms and the manner in which both the physician and the patient interacted during this very sensitive conversation of filling an advanced directive.
I also watched how the interdisciplinary care team took meticulous care to solve the complaint of a case of end stage esophageal cancer who was complaining of severe dry mouth, debating on not to use mouthwashes in view of the danger of aspiration and preferentially prescribing instead a mouth gel. Such attention to detail in resolving the patient complaints marks palliative care as a type of medicine, which keeps the patients at the center of care rather than the disease centric treatment that is common to curative care.
During my visits, I also discussed about dental care to hospice patients. I also presented on
Fast Facts topic #196 “BISPHOSPHONATES AND OSTEONECROSIS OF THE JAW”.I also attended a journal club, which was held on Nov 14, 2017 at Dr. Ann Broderick's house. It was interesting to see educative and social mixing after office hours.

Overall, my experience was very useful to my professional growth and has widened my perspective on Hospice care, Palliative care, and Total care.



Dr. Ramya Shenoy
Associate Professor
Department of Public Health Dentistry



MY EXPERIENCES IN JAPAN "THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN"

As an academician and a clinician, it is extremely important that we need to keep ourselves updated to the latest our dynamic field of Prosthodontics have to offer. I was presented with one such opportunity when I was shortlisted and selected for the annual faculty exchange program under the Indian Prosthodontic society and Japan Prosthodontic society joint exchange program and was allotted under the guidance of Prof. YoshizoMatsuka who is an exemplary researcher in the field of orofacial pain and sleep apnea at the Tokushima national University at Tokushima, Japan.

My initial excitement of being selected for the prestigious program then slowly turned into nervousness as I had to manage my leaves, my practice and my academic responsibilities for the time I was out of the country. Fortunately, our dean Dr. Dilip Naik and my HOD Dr. Shobha helped me with sorting out these nitty gritties that would otherwise have been a deterrent for my program.

My travel agent managed the travel schedule and I flew out of Mumbai on September 18th 2017 via All Nippon Airways and had a 9 hour nonstop flight to Tokyo putting me 3 and half hours ahead of the Indian Standard Time. Something of interest here is that there are two airports at Tokyo namely Narita and Haneda. All the international flights come to Narita and then most of the domestic connections are from Haneda. Something I was blissfully unaware of was the distance that separated these 2 airport…a good 47 kms and a 70 minutes bus drive which was the quickest option available. Luckily, unlike Indian cities,70 minutes meant 70 minutes as everything including bus arrival and departure worked with clockwork precision and the manner in which everything works on time instills a deep sense of civic sense and professionalism in everything the Japanese do. I managed to reach the other airport on time and took my flight to Tokushima which was about 75 minutes of flying distance from Tokyo.

Once in Tokushima, I was received by the university representatives and was driven down to my scheduled accommodation which was a 3BHK apartment about 10 minutes of walking distance from the university. I was also given a bicycle which I could use if I wanted to (which of course I happily did!!). The accommodation had all the basic necessities and I had the option to cook as

well. I did carry a lot of Indian foodstuff as people had told me Japanese food may not suit Indian taste and also that the cost of living was prohibitively expensive.
The next morning, one of the PhD scholars came down to pick me up and show me the way to the university. We cycled along and I was a bit rusty as I hadn't cycled in a long time (the last time I did was in my 10th standard!). As I pedaled along the main road, I realized that there was so much discipline that people were walking on one side of the pavement and there was a dedicated lane for cyclists!!! The road discipline left me in awe as even a huge truck waited for a pedestrian to pass before they moved. The distance maintained between vehicles, the lane discipline they followed, no honking policy (I just heard one honk in my entire one month of stay!!) was too much for an average Indian like me and I was left wondering if I was in Heaven (one doesn't need to die to go and see what a heaven looks like, just travel to Japan).once I reached the university, I asked the PhD scholar what time the boss would reach only to realize that the boss has been working in the department since 6.30 in the morning and they usually do so till late evening 8 pm. It took me a while to realize they weren't pulling my leg as any average Japanese is a compulsive workaholic. You will not find any of them whiling away their time.
My mentor, Dr. Matsuka, acquainted me with the department staff and also oriented me to the program on sleep apnea. He also entrusted his deputy Dr. Suzuki, who was a PhD in sleep studies from Montreal University, Canada and Dr. Hayama to help me out with my program. They were gracious enough to show me cases and also help me understand the working of a Polysomnography machine. I was also given a research topic for which I was supposed to draw a protocol and complete the study in India. I was attending the sleep training in the morning session where they explained to me how they deal with cases that report to the clinics and the afternoon session was dedicated to my research topic. I was also asked to attend their regular dental clinics two sessions of the week which exposed me to their clinical work ethics, their approach and also their infrastructure. I also had the good fortune of visiting their dental allergy clinic which was dedicated to patient allergic reactions reported with dental materials. Dr. Maki Hosokiwas extremely gracious and allowed me to observe her conduct patch tests on patients and also demonstrated to me certain equipments and materials that I had only heard of or read before.
Every week we had a departmental meeting where everyone including me was supposed to update the rest about the work done for the week and the targets set for the next week. It was great to see everyone including the Head of the department appraising everyone else about what has been done weekly so that each one is aware of his level of productivity.
The department also had a full-fledged pantry with cappuchino machines and tea bags along with a



refrigerator loaded with food and goodies. The best thing I noticed was that any of the departmental staff could just walk in and eat anything they wanted without asking anyone else. Anyone who visits any other town or city would bring in something for the department and share it by leaving it with a note on the table. So much of bonhomie and warmth was seen and hardly made it feel like a workplace! No wonder they can work there for long hours.

The weekends were off so I had the opportunity to visit nearby places. I went one weekend to Kobe which was 2 hours travel by bus. Kobe is a beautiful city that is world famous for its beef. I happened to visit the Port, the Nunobiki herb gardens and also the Inchinkan which has different houses that represent different cultures. There is also an option to take city loop buses that take you to 16 different locations in the city of Kobe for an entire day pass. One can just hop off the bus at the point of interest and hop in back again in another bus to reach another point. It sure is the fastest and a more economical way to explore Kobe.

I also happened to go the next weekend to Iya valley which is about a couple of hours drive from Tokushima. The Iya valley is famous for its “Kazurabashi” or vine bridges which were the bridges used in olden days to connect people from one side of the river to other. I also got an opportunity to visit Naruto Bay which is famous for its whirlpools.

Japanese cuisine is a visual treat with a riot of colours on your plate along with different textured foods. The predominant meat consumed is beef and pork. I did have a great time trying out sushi, Sashimi (uncooked sushi), Ramen, okonomiyaki, tofu, Yakisoba, Takoyaki (with an octopus tentacle filling!!) and raw tuna fish with wasabi paste. I also visited the cultural centre in Tokushima where the annual Awa Odori festival is held and did see a demo of the same dance. We were then asked to replicate the dance and I won the first prize there!(we Indians happen to be good dancers compared to others!!)

Before I could let the feeling of blending in with the Japanese culture sink in, it was time for me to return back to my homeland. I was given a nice farewell by the entire department and was asked to visit the university again on a scholarship in future. The memory of my experience in Tokushima university will stay forever etched in my memory not just for my learning experience but also for giving me a glimpse of the Japanese culture which is rich and deeply rooted in traditions blending in with modernity.



Dr. UmeshPai
Associate Professor
Department of Prosthodontics

MONSOON

Wearing the necklace threaded with beaded pearls of raindrops,
Causing the breeze, thunder and lightning in the sea,
Pouring joyous showers of happiness to seeds and plants,
The most awaited monsoon is coming!!

But the drought has still worn its crown;
The land is even now barren, fallow and dry brown.
Please bless us with your showers of rain;
And green the earth, hills, grass and grain.

Bless the poor thirsty flowers and glitter them with your showers,
Ruffle our hair, escape the heat, and cool our weary heads;
Gladden the hearts of living beings especially farmers,
And carpet the earth with your hailstones and pastures.
Embrace the burning earth and cool her in your arms,
For she is crying badly in search of her lost mother!

Soak the earth with water blue-green,
And drop your dew-like gems in between;
Embarrass and escape the heat somehow,
For we need to get rid of it anyhow.

Make the dense forests embrace hills everywhere,
Bring back the birds' song and tiger's roar;
And glow worms in the rainy night in the sky,
Also around the flowers- the butterflies that fly.

Photo by
Shefali Singh
Batch of 2016

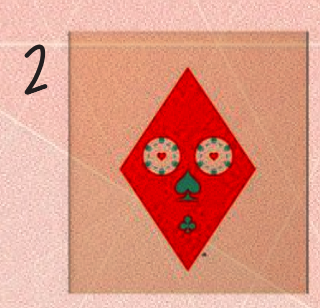
Meghana R
Batch of 2017

Please Don't Stop the Music!

If you breathe via your headphones, if you share the unconditional love for music and if you are one of those people who have the superpower of guessing any song they're faced with, then this is the page for you. Empower your guessing skills by identifying the following songs from the pictograms given below. So test your knowledge and win yourself the chance of being called a musical prodigy.

1

2



3

4



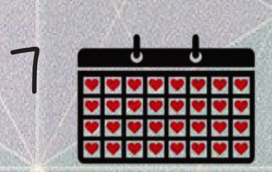
5



6



7



8



9

10

11

13-19

12

22
Ti
47.867

13

LOVE

14

15

$C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$

16

30 SEP

17

18

19

20

For answers, see page no. 149


D.I.Y.
DO IT YOURSELF
Creativity isn't the way you think.
It's the way you like to live.
This column of DIY
is to awaken that hidden side
of imaginative handiwork
that's inside each one of us.
After all, Earth without Art is just Eh.
Suhani Jindal
Batch of 2014
Make a
Paper Rose
in 5 steps
1
2
3
4
5
Maithreye
Sundar
Batch of 2015
Kriti Shankar
Batch of 2015
Ruchika Ghosh
Batch of 2013
Anushtha Jain
2014
Nivedha Menon
Batch of 2015
36



Make a
Flower in 5 steps
Maithreye Sundar
Batch of 2015

Manasa Pidaparthi
Batch of 2016

Suhani Jindal
Batch of 2014

Ruchika Ghosh
Batch of 2013

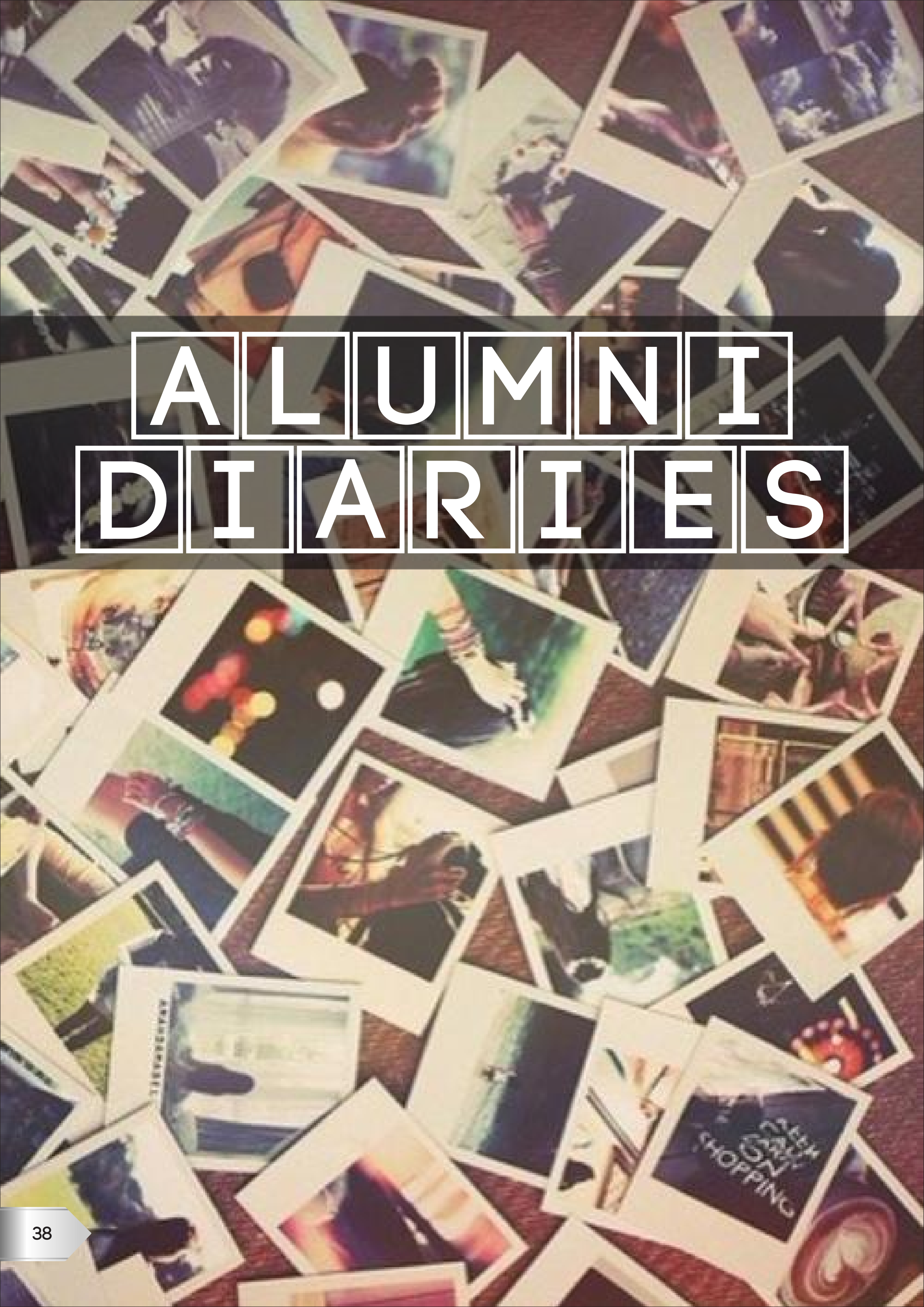
Suhani Jindal
Batch of 2014

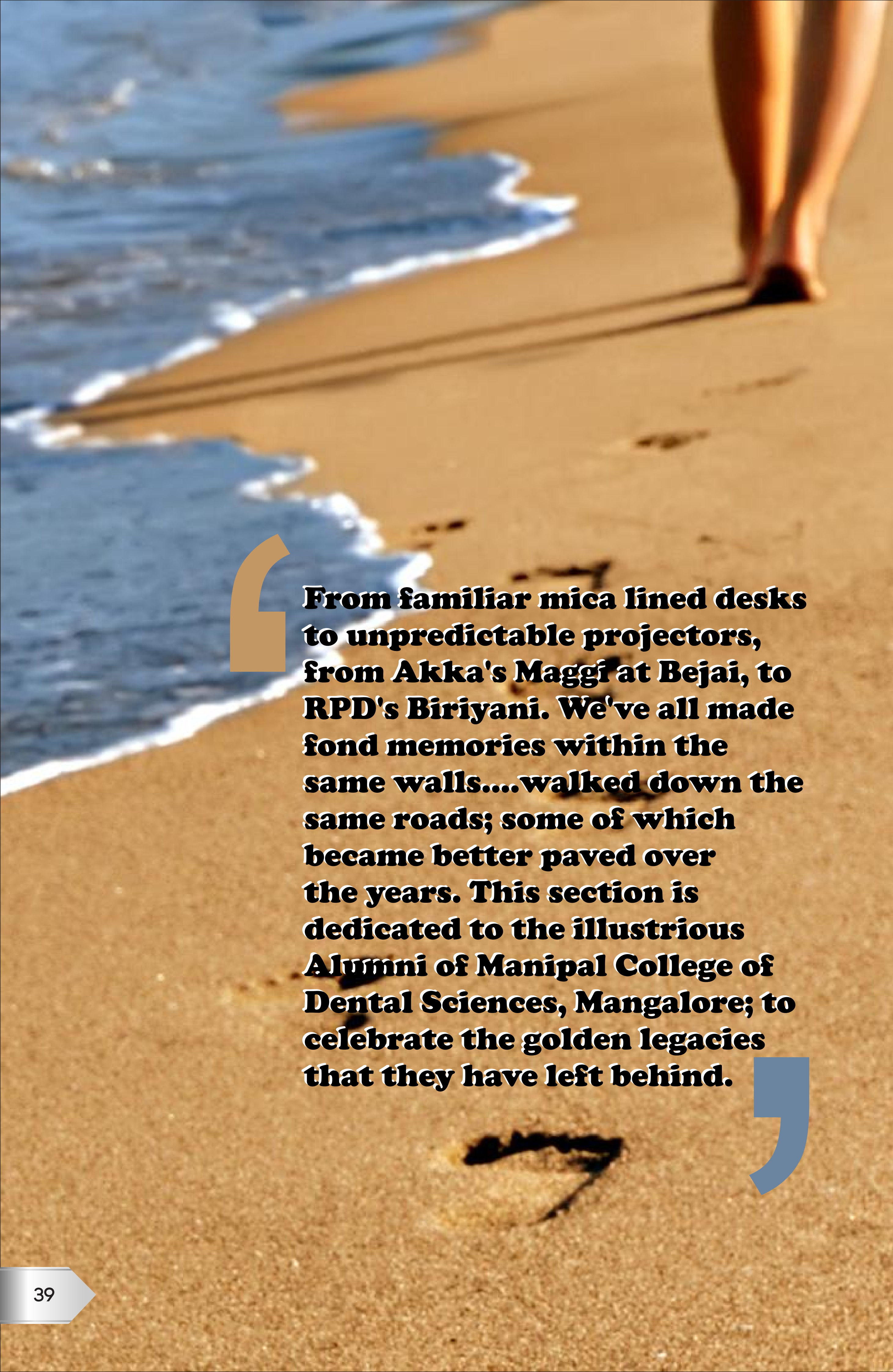
Anushtha Jain
Batch of 2014

Anushtha Jain
Batch of 2014

Photos by
…wesha Samaddar
Batch of 2015

ALUMNI DIARIES





From familiar mica lined desks to unpredictable projectors, from Akka's Maggi at Bejai, to RPD's Biriyani. We've all made fond memories within the same walls....walked down the same roads; some of which became better paved over the years. This section is dedicated to the illustrious Alumni of Manipal College of Dental Sciences, Mangalore; to celebrate the golden legacies that they have left behind.

A Rollercoster Ride

One word that pops into my head the minute someone says MCODS Mangalore is- “Surreal”. It is the place where I made memories of a lifetime. Memories that made me cry then, but make me laugh now and the ones that made me laugh then, make me shed a tear now.

MCODS Mangalore is not just an Alma mater that I state on my resume, but a phenomenon that I carry with pride. It's a world in itself. Anyone who has ever experienced it, longs for it no matter wherever he/she has been. I was one of those fortunate ones to call this place my home from 2005-2010. My dentistry skills were inculcated and honed here. The standard of education imparted here is unparalleled. I was carved from a school girl into a dental professional here by the most outstanding faculty.

I called it my second home where teachers were our guardians and batch-mates were our friend. It gave me friends whom I call family spread across the word. This place bonds people in a string that never breaks, no matter the time or distance. Every moment spent here is vividly etched on my mind and heart, from the lectures, to clinical postings, to central library, to loitering around the 'fresh-and-honest' coffee shop in Attavar and canteen in Light house campus.

It was a rollercoaster ride, with its own share of crest and troughs, but a ride that I would willingly take anytime, as the downs eventually lead to the ups.

This place gave me the confidence to take on the world and gave wind to my wings. This place made me what I am today, both professionally and personally.

And I wish someday to return, if even for a moment, to this place which I hold so sacred in my heart...till then...all I can say is - you can take an alumnus away from MCODS Mangalore, but can never take MCODS Mangalore away from an alumnus.

Dr. Roli Rajvanshi
Batch of 2005

MCODS Memories

There are some moments that change your life,
That lift you up beyond your strife,
That guide you to rise and reach the light,
And never give up in the toughest fight.
I knew my journey had just begun,
Under the balmy Mangalore sun,
As I set foot on the MCODS floor,
And walked right through the oral path door.
The world suddenly seemed brand new,
As we saw things in pink and blue.
Each cell had a tale to tell,
Of a lusturous life or a journey to hell.
We worked in hand with the surgeon crew,
And reinforced the margins their scalpels drew.
Our guides were there at every hour,
With queries that sent us scurrying for cover,
Under the wraps of Shafer and shear,
Where all the answers we could finally hear.
Three years passed in the blink of an eye,
And it was time to leave with a heavy sigh,
With memories to cherish and friends to treasure,
And troves of knowledge, valued beyond measure.
I may have left, but never said farewell,
As part of me, in my Alma mater shall dwell.



Dr. Udhay Bhanu
Alumnus, Department of Oral Pathology and Microbiology
Batch of 2011

A Well-polished Diamond

“You can miss places. You can miss people.
Just know that what you're really missing is the way things were. And even if you could go there again... see them again... you can't go back.
They're not the same.
You're not the same.
The loss of them changed you.”
— Ranata Suzuki

Fortunately, it is not the same with Mangalore…

Every story or article written has to have an impact, which is the expected norm. Fortunately I am under no such obligation. When I was requested to write a piece for the Year Book, there were no compulsions, except to deliver on time. Which of course cannot happen since I am Indian!!

Why was I invited to write? Well, I really don't know. Maybe because I was synonymous with writing letters and later articles and even books, maybe I just love writing. So I made the best use of the Central library and kept in touch with all my relatives and friends and in those days' pen friends, yes pen friends, those were the days. I don't know if you the youngsters of today are blessed to be in the instantaneous generation, I have not really made up my mind on the topic. You see and do or rather react to things instantaneously, mobile, WhatsApp, and Instagram… everything NOW. To be able to do that, you either need to be smarter and more intelligent or absolutely dumb and I sincerely hope you are the former.

Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself, most of you who have managed to reach the final year know me by reputation (I hope), I am your alumni Gurkeerat Singh and even though the surname doesn't count for me as I come from a services background, it made a lot of difference in 1989, when I joined CODS, Mangalore...and no it was not MCODS then. There were three people wearing a turban in the whole college and not more than 5 in the whole city of Mangalore. It was easy to get noticed and difficult to make mistakes and get away. The beaches were there and so was the light house hill road and Hampankatta but very few of the buildings associated with KMC today.

The college was housed in the old KMC building with the clinics in the now Prosthodontics department which I hope is still opposite the lifts leading to the lecture halls on the 7th and 8th floor. It has been a couple of years since I visited Mangalore but the memories are fresh. I will be visiting in March and again in April. It rejuvenates you, probably something about the sea air.

What should I talk to you about? First, I thought I should reminisce about the

teachers who influenced us and made us what we are today. Then I thought it would be a disservice to those whom I don't mention as otherwise the list would be too long. Then I thought, you need to know some of your illustrious seniors whom we had the opportunity of interacting with and you would not hear about unless you had the fortune of sitting with someone from the senior batches and get them drunk enough to spill the beans!! I dropped that plan as the instances of such instance was far too many and I would need to write a series of such articles, after all I spent 8 years of my life in Mangalore.
I am sure every batch that passes out thinks that they had the most fun in their college time and their batch mates were the best and these relationships will last a life time. Don't you? Well, we were the 3rd batch to join BDS in 1989 and we were the first batch of 100 so we were a majority but the dental College was a small part of the Medical wing, so we were always overshadowed by the Medico's by their sheer numbers...yet we a creed apart. We did not clear an entrance to join, so it was a mixed bag of people- some out of their houses for the first time and some who had exposure to the world. Mixed backgrounds and mixed cultures with one thing in common, “the will to become dentists”. No, absolutely not, most of us were there because our parents thought that we would be better off as dentists!! That is not the case with you guys, you are here after working very hard and writing exams etc. We were blessed, we were in and most of us did fairly well in life. At least I know of no one who has any major difficulty in life and I am talking about life and death here, professionally we did well. Much more that I personally had expected.

But let us come back to you, the motivated and the instantaneous. Dentistry has diversified and the number of colleges has increased and the number of graduates has increased many folds but still the MCODS graduates stand out. Primarily due to the traditions set forth by the founders of the institution and the services of the selfless teachers, some of who still continue to serve you, yes serve you. I have chosen the word after much thought as most of them could have found more paying jobs in other institutions. You shall not relish the rich heritage that you have inherited till you face the big bad world out there ready to club you as just another dental graduate, but it is for you to show they the competence that you have acquired in your 5 years of stay here in Mangalore, among the diverse cultures and people to show them who you really are....a well-polished diamond, I hope.

Dr. Gurkeerat Singh
Alumnus, Department of Orthodontics
Batch of 1989

All the world's a Stage!

As I flipped through the pages of The Thespian for some inspiration for this article, I kept wondering what was that one element in our lives that had been constant? Well, keeping in view that I designed the college magazine back in my time around the theme of drama and theatre, there are no surprises for guessing that “drama” was, is and will probably always be a permanent feature in everyone's lives.

One thing I have grown to understand is that the word 'drama' is a very subjective term. What could be dramatic to you could be an unenthused act to me and vice versa. However, the crux of the episode remains that no matter how far and long you try to run away from this spectacle, it will find ways to entrap you into its complex convolution crackling you out like a piece of roasted indifferent pork.

Many of you might agree that college is a wide, well equipped stage for all kinds of theatricals. Be it your first day, first anatomy class, first lab experiment, first race, first cultural fest event, first stage performance, first date, first (and successive) fights, first pharmacology practical, first time at the OT, first injection, first extraction, first trip with friends, first day at internship, graduation day, or the last day at college, the drama that unfolds on many such firsts and lasts is definitely going to be one worth watching in hindsight. You might want to record each memory, note down each dialogue, thank each producer, and be proud of yourself as the actor and director for giving you a souvenir that'll last you a lifetime, and one you will keep coming back to in your later years to be reminded of the fantastic times you have spent growing up in a home away from home.

So sit back and relax, kick up your heels with some glasses of margaritas and watch the screenplay of the years that have gone by and those that lie ahead, as you like it! For these days with your friends and teachers won't come back again!

Yours sincerely,
A super dramatic ex-student who misses college

Dr. Pallak Razdan
Batch of 2012

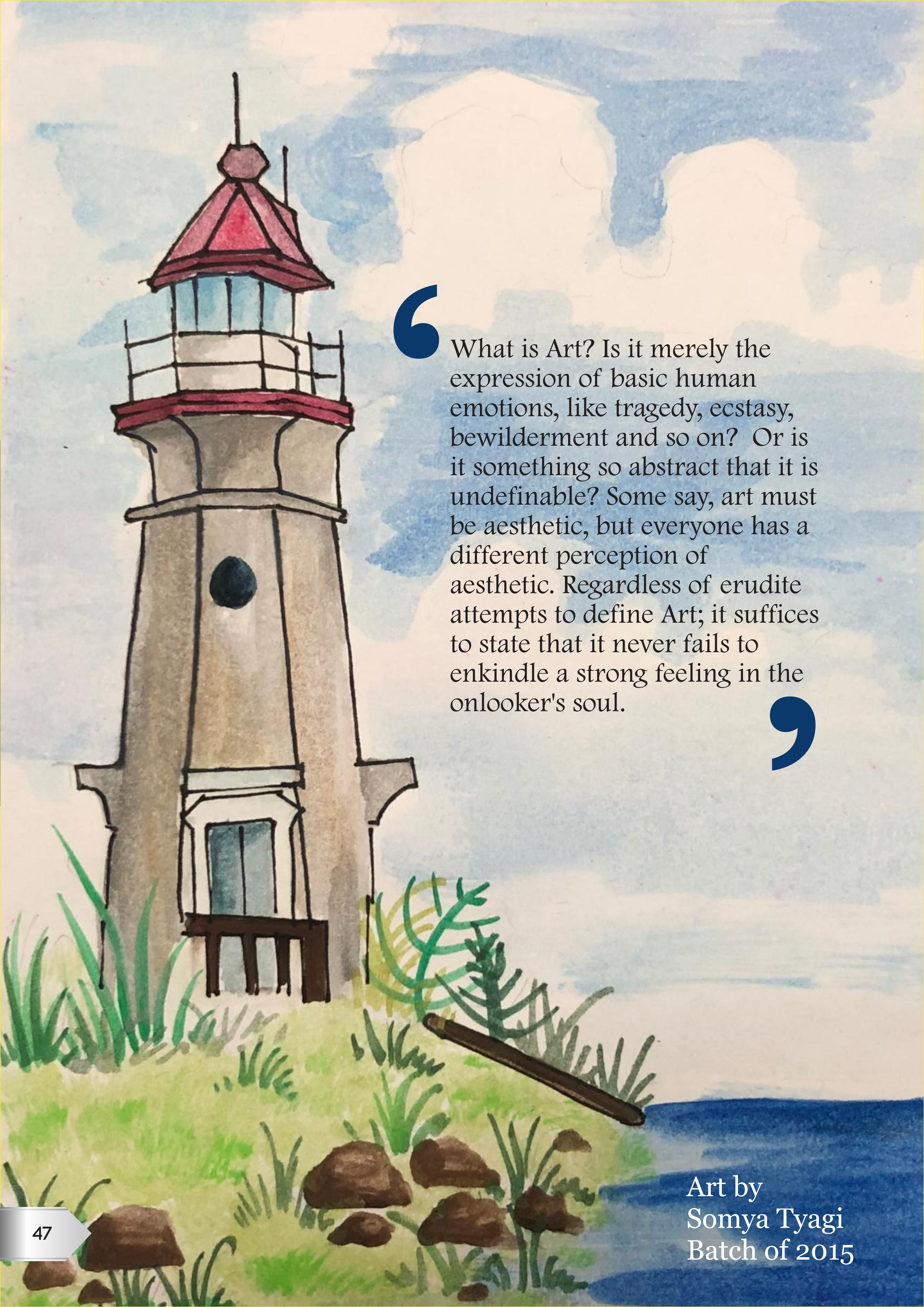
समय

समय आता है हमेशा चले जाने को
कुछ हँस कर कुछ रो कर कुछ बस यूँ ही....रेंग कर
कोई रोक नहीं पाता उसे कभी कहीं न जाने को
सुनते हैं हमेशा समय के बारे में
सही या गलत
अच्छा या बुरा
समय अच्छा तो सब अपने
समय अच्छा तो सब अच्छा
समय अच्छा तो सब सच्चे
समय बदला तो सब कच्चे
ना रहे तुम ना रहे हम
तब भी समय रहा हरदम
कल आज और कल
समय बड़ा बलवान है
समय सच का दूसरा नाम है
जानो- समझो और
समय के साथ चलो तो जीना आसान है।
और कहीं समय को लेकर रुक गये तो पीछे रह जाओगे
खरगोश की तरह
और कछुए सी रेंगती जिन्दगी पहुँच जाएगी वहाँ
जहाँ
बेबस और अकेले रह जाने की ही रीत है।

Kopal Vasudev
Batch of 2014



PAINTS AND PAPERS

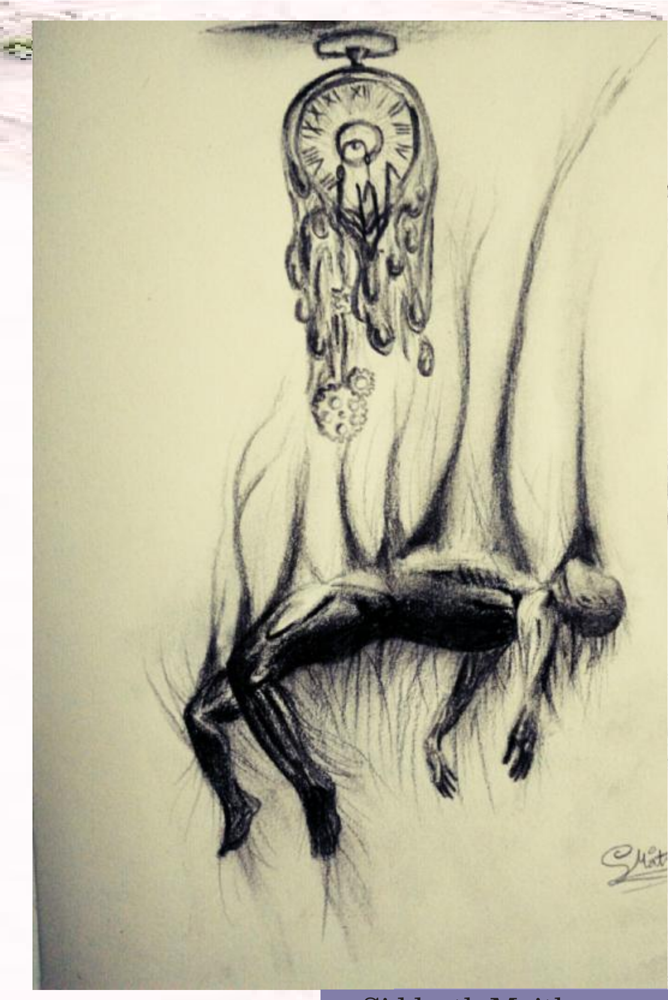


"What is Art? Is it merely the expression of basic human emotions, like tragedy, ecstasy, bewilderment and so on? Or is it something so abstract that it is undefinable? Some say, art must be aesthetic, but everyone has a different perception of aesthetic. Regardless of erudite attempts to define Art; it suffices to state that it never fails to enkindle a strong feeling in the onlooker's soul."

Art by
Somya Tyagi
Batch of 2015



Dr, Samrina Hussain
Batch of 2013



Siddarth Maithra
Batch of 2014



Shilpa Matthew
Batch of 2015



Dr. Aakash Agnihotri
Batch of 2013



Somya Tyagi
Batch of 2015



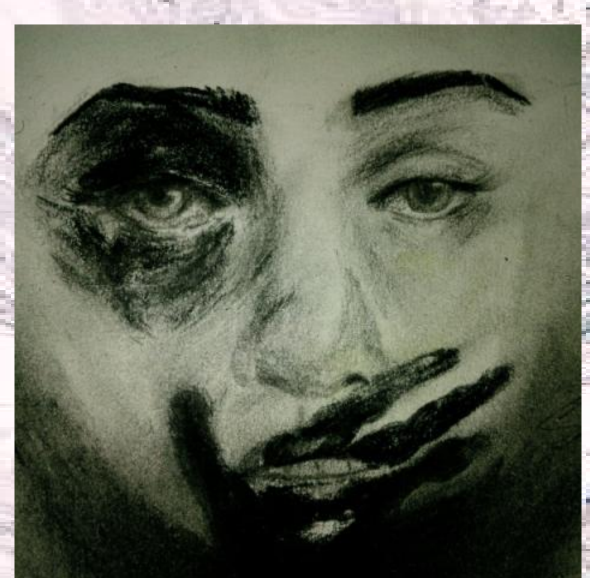
Somya tyagi
Batch of 2015



Shivangini Nayak
Batch of 2014



Shilpa Matthew
Batch of 2015



Siddarth Maitra
Batch of 2014



Dr, Samrina Hussain
Batch of 2013

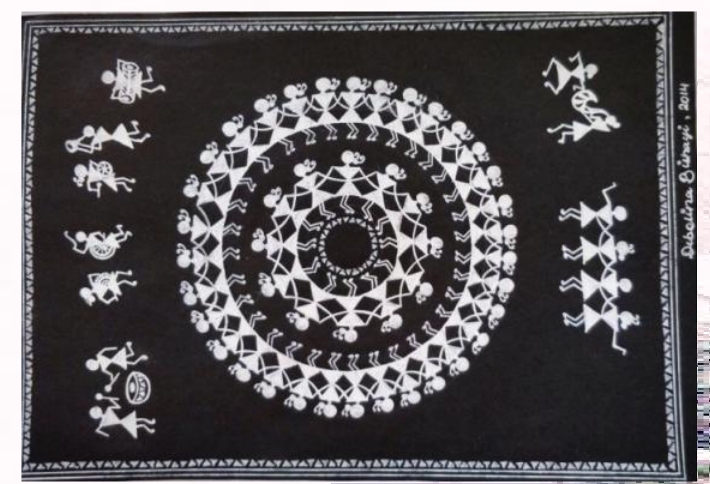


kavya Suvarna
Batch of 2017

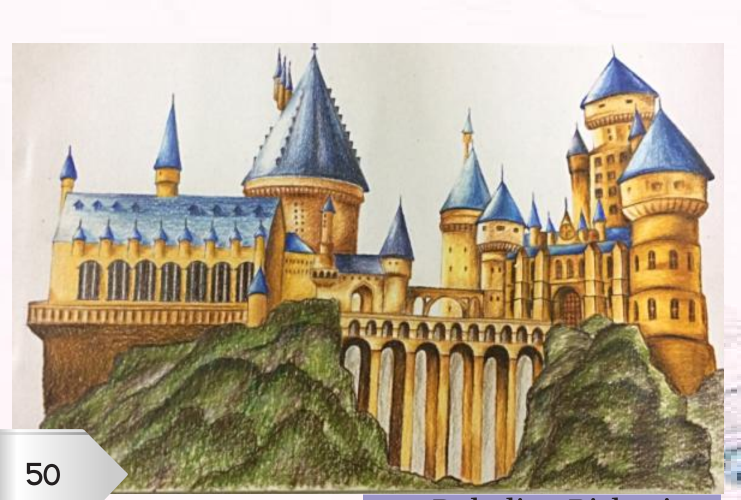
Deepa Prabhu
Batch of 2016



Aradhya Sinha
Batch of 2017



Debolina Bishayi
Batch of 2017



Debolina Bishayi
Batch of 2017



Ashwini Anand Kamat
Batch of 2017



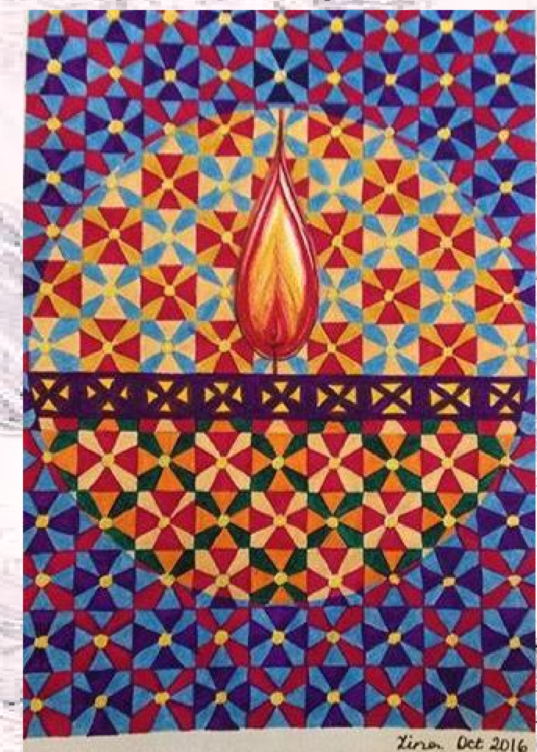
Saumya Singh
Batch of 2017



Ayushma Chakravorty
Batch of 2016



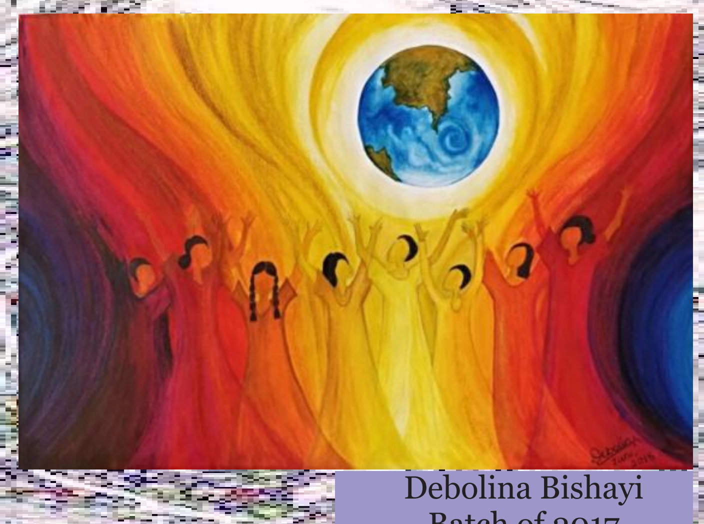
Kaveesha Mishra
Batch of 2016



Debolina Bishayi
Batch of 2017



Shivali Yadav
Batch of 2017



Debolina Bishayi
Batch of 2017

Hang Loose, Keep Going

Life is strange. It plays tricks on you. We end up doing things we don't want. At times you feel you don't have any plan and you're lost in an aimless vortex of impending death.

Ever felt like a mess? Like you don't know where you're going? The sea of faces you see on a regular basis suddenly feel alien and being lonely becomes a part of your life? Ever felt you want to become invisible and disappear into oblivion?

Okay. Hold on. The thing is amidst the mess what we don't realize is until you don't get lost, you will never be sure of which way you want to choose. Till you don't alienate yourself, you wouldn't realize how important it is to be around people. Things don't always work according to plan, so it's ok not to have one. you will never really appreciate your existence till after you have become invisible.

So, hang in there, take it easy and no matter what just keep going. Get out of your comfort zone. Take risks. Commit mistakes. Learn. Do what feels right in your heart. Know what you want and then have the willingness to go after it. Be confident, without it you can't go after what you want. And most importantly stay happy, it's not easy.

Photo by
Aakash Jain
Batch of 2015

Shikha Singh
Batch of 2017

Fiction
The mirror into oneself

As a kid, we are often expected to learn about the world through experiences of our own and the repeated pestering of our parents, teachers and pretty much any elder who wades through our ways. While the technique works brilliantly in case of learning the ways of conducting oneself and the broad realities and laws that are in motion around us, they remain eerily silent about the subtleties of human emotion. How does one expect to teach a kid empathy, for example. We realize empathy is in play when a kid goes down while playing soccer and his team mate lifts him up. It's in moments like these where the abstract world starts to unfurl in its full glory. One such treasure trove of human emotions is the world of fiction and as a kid, I was privileged to come across some of the titles that went quite a long way in shaping my emotional perception of humankind. In the following paragraphs, let's delve into how indeed quality fiction provides a pen sieve into human emotions.

As a kid who wasn't interested in reading at all, I wasn't the voracious kind who pours into volumes ever since learning the alphabets. One of the earliest memories of reading a title came for me back in the 4th standard when everybody had to mandatorily read a children's rendition of fiction as a part of the curriculum. While I wanted to read the exploits of Spiderman and Bob the Builder, I was burdened with a bulky title named "Robinson Crusoe" with a caveman illustration on the front cover. The experience was nothing short of an absolute roller coaster. And as a kid, I realized very early the insurmountable strength of human will and survival on one's own abilities. As I ruminate, the experience formed the cornerstone of my persona in academics, debating, cricket and almost everything I ventured into. Every setback I faced from then on seemed trivial from the perspective of Crusoe. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn reinforced such convictions. Needless to say, I owe a lot to the savants, Defoe and Twain.

As my reading spree continued, I continued to gain perspective with every book I picked up. I further started realizing how every author had his/her own style of expression. Dickens thrived on pangs of orphan hood, Dumas was the adventurous kind, and Wodehouse was as jovial and jocular as they came. Soon these traits started revealing themselves in people around me and I became accommodative of such personality types almost instinctively. Thus, in many ways, quality friction contributed to my starry eyed humble façade as opposed to an impulsive identity characterized by many around me.

As a reader, we often thrive in gripping plots and intricate characters, yet we all experience moments when we are spellbound by the sheer genius of the author. The Strange case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde was one such title. Never in a million years could one think of split personalities elucidated in such a manner. The depiction of the characters opened the world of masquerades in human character. In a world where people often wear masks of various kinds, either deliberately or even oblivious to themselves, the tale was a peep into one of the subtlest yet profound aspect of human nature.

I am not here to persuade one into reading literature indefinitely and contemplate thereafter. However, if one can reflect into oneself, would you not have the mirror?

Anurag Mohapatra
Batch of 2016

Pointless

One fine day when I was sitting on my bed ignoring all my responsibilities, procrastinating like it is my job and staring at the tall white walls as if they are a piece of art, I was hit with a wave of nostalgia.

I remember sitting in a hot room with the fans turned off. Why? Was I crazy? Yes, but that wasn't the reason for this. A house of cards was being built. The architect in me was trying to be precise and make it well articulated but even the 6-year-old in me knew that this is transient. One blow of air and all my hard work would be futile. But did I stop? No. Not till I completed my masterpiece and admired it with pride. That one moment made it all worth it.

Why? Why was that structure which is bound to collapse so beautiful? Is there beauty in chaos? In destruction? Why do we create things that would be so easy to destroy?

Dominos, so meticulously lined up. In innumerable formations. For what? One domino is pushed and hours of hard work falls apart, literally. But the creator of that line up looks at the falling dominos and is satisfied only when all of them fall down. So much of hard work but what for? To see a few little pieces of plastic fall apart? It doesn't make sense.

On the sea shore, we sit making sand castles. We try to make them detailed. A tower next to the main fort- for extra protection. The kingdom's safety is in our hands after all! It is not that we don't know that there is no king behind those walls trying to save his countrymen from war. But even after that when the whole castle is swallowed by the waves in an instant do we feel like our hard word went in vain? Not really because we saw it coming. It was no surprise. It was almost as if it was built to be destroyed. So we get up, brush off the sand, maybe take a stroll for some time, admire the beauty nature has to offer and leave.

Paper boats that are meant to sink, paper planes that are bound to crash, paper swans that won't even fly! What is the point of origami then? It is all a waste of time, isn't it? It doesn't feel like that, right? Why am I cribbing about things being pointless? Not everything is done to achieve results, isn't it?

Right. So everything we do need not produce some set "results". Some things should be done because you want to do it. Some of it may even seem pointless. I saw a poster for a painting competition. Now I like painting but unfortunately, I'm not very good at it. So I do know that there is absolutely no chance of me winning it. So I didn't take part.

Do I regret it? Yes.

Conclusion:

1. Procrastinate- you might have an epiphany about the secrets of life.
2. Take part in painting competitions.
3. You would have to decipher the moral of this story (It is not that difficult).

Parul Nagar
Batch of 2016

WAR-TORN

I saw him get shot,
I saw him fall.
Nothing I could do,
Nothing at all;
Battle cries and gun shots surrounding me
And him in my arms,
Breathing deeply;
Just moments before we had joked about death,
And now as he struggled for his last breath.
He whispered something I couldn't make out
Knowing Ahmed, I understood what it was about;
My hand clutched his crumpled letter
Him knowing he wouldn't ever be better
As the helps rushed him away
I readjust my gun and glance his way.
He smiled, eyes shut, his wounds his least bother
As he stopped breathing all together
Scowling, I crouch back into shooting position
With hate, anger, resentment we shoot for our mission.
The pull of every trigger,
Became the digger,
Of yet another grave.
Of a father, son, brother; all alike brave.
"If I die, give this to my family."
Ahmed had said so seriously;
And now with a letter to deliver
I pulled, rather ruthlessly the trigger.
Perhaps resulting in similar letters for the enemy
They weren't that different than us kinsmen
Which made me stop shooting
The sight I saw wasn't much soothing.
Men killing men,
Human turning on human
Those who were once our very own brethren
These thoughts had just circulated me,
When pain soared through, buckling my knee.
The letter clamped tight,
What a worthless fight.
With a loud thud I fell,
I wouldn't make it I could tell.
Just moments ago I had joked about death,
And now as I catch my last breath.
Sorry Ahmed I couldn't do it;
Humanity knocked, but the world said screw it.

Anonymous

MY HEART -AM

MY HEART	
During class	
During Viva/Exams	
when someone drops my articulator with perfect teeth arrangement before getting sign from the prostho department	

@AksharaModak2016



@GauravRawat2015



@GauravRawat2015



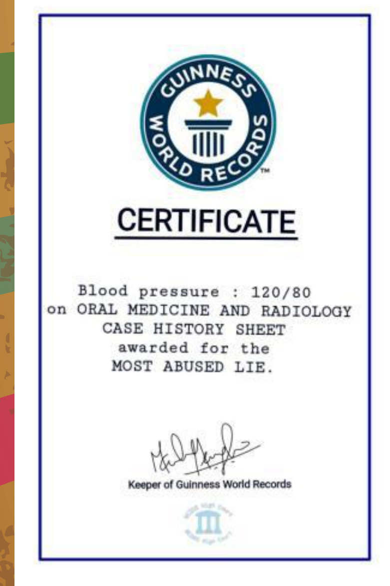
@GauravRawat2015

WHEN YOU HELP YOUR FRIEND WITH THE DENTAL CHAIR

HACKERMAN

@GauravRawat2015

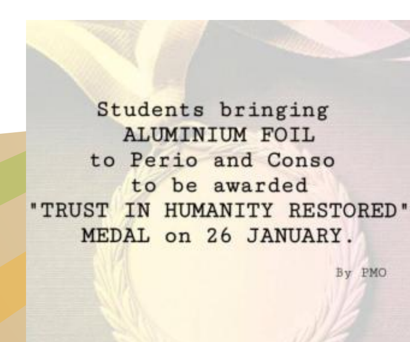
Don't let your memes just be dreams



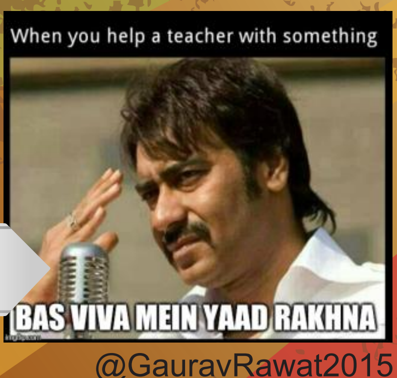
@MCODSHighCourtFB



@MCODSHighCourtFB



@MCODSHighCourtFB



@GauravRawat2015



CHANDU'S CHINESE
to be awarded
the FIRST YEAR mess contract
after BEJAI 'Chef on Wheels' food
found unfit for human consumption.

©DankDantVidya

@MCODSHighCourtFB

to survive in the wild, you need a reliable source of water

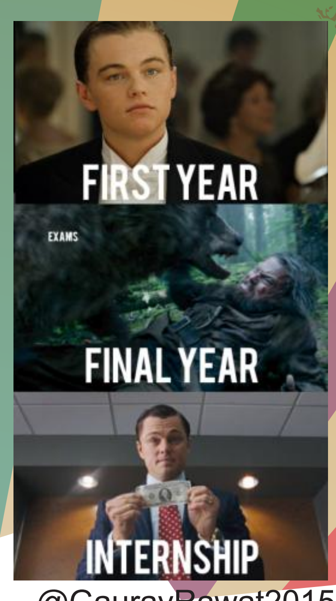
Senior

Ortho ka Kaam ho gya?

Junior

SLURP

@MCODSHighCourtFB



@GauravRawat2015



@AksharaModak2016

Students joining MUSRF only for building CV/RESUME to be deported from India like actual MUSHARRAF!







@MCODSHighCourtFB

Don't let your memes just be dreams

Based on this scale, how cool are you?







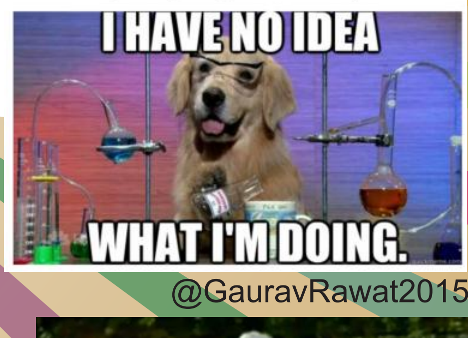
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Giving faculty feedback like

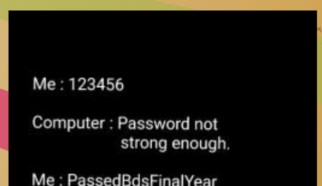


@GauravRawat2015

When you get your first patient



@GauravRawat2015



Me : 123456

Computer : Password not strong enough.

Me : PassedBdsFinalYear

Computer : Dude, that's too strong!

@MCODSHighCourtFB



@GauravRawat2015

Friend :

Yaar tune council kyu join ki?

Council member :



@MCODSHighCourtFB



@MCODSHighCourtFB

Beyond A World Of Façade

Lost in oblivion,
I stared at the empty staircase
All I knew was that
I didn't want to be a part of this "illustrious" race.

My idea of life is not constrained within
the realms of mere ranks and numbers,
It is more than these vapid epiphanies, pre-conceived notions,
more than dreams that lay cumbered.

I want to soar,
I want to see the place where the sky meets the sea,
I want to indulge into something that compels
this world to remember me for eternity.
I want to hear the whispers of the wind, feel the sun kissing my skin,
away from all that vanity,
perceive the beauty this world beholds
and yet be humbled by its conviviality.

We are so strangled amongst our own predicaments,
that we've forgotten to embrace the magnificence of sunsets, the tranquillity of mountains,
the petrichor of that first rain,
If life is just about reclining within the domains of those air-conditioned boxes and sipping on champagne,
then perhaps we are lost within a disgusting reverie, handcuffed by our unpragmatic vain.

This might sound too fictitious,
but trust me this prose has an essence,
It is an embodiment of emotions, a quintessence of liberation,
something to explore before you're hit by senescence.

I looked over to the door that the staircase opened to,
it read "uncertainty", and I just wanted to breakthrough.
I prefer life to be unpredictable over some mundane daily drill
I want zeal, adventure and thrill.
So I walked on, refusing to look back, away from reality
On a path elucidated by divine sanguinity.

Photo by
Deeptimoyi Ghosh
PG, Dept. of Prosthodontics

Parthivee Sharma
Batch of 2017

अनचाहा बदलाव

जिंदगी पल पल बदलती है
और हर एक पल के साथ इंसान भी,
शायद मैं भी पल पल बदलता गया
पर ख्वाहिशें ना बदली,
ख्वाहिशें जो पहले थी वो आज भी हैं,
उम्मीदें भी ना बदली,
उम्मीदें जो कल थी वो आज भी हैं,
पर शायद मैं बदलता गया
बदलता गया क्यूंकि
वक़्त के साथ साथ बदलना
दस्तूर था दुनिया का
मगर सच कहूँ तो मैं इस भीड़ मैं
अपने आप के बदलने का
दिखावा कर रहा था,
क्यूंकि जब तक ख्वाहिशें
और उम्मीदें न बदले
इंसान कैसे बदल सकता है,
और मैं तो आज भी
रेत में घरोंदे बनाना चाहता हूँ,
आज भी अनाज से भरी
ट्रकटर पर लटकना चाहता हूँ,
स्कूल से भाग कर खेलना चाहता हूँ,
तो कैसे मान लूँ की मैं बदल रहा हूँ
जब की दिल आज भी
ख्वाहिशें वही करता हो,
और कैसे मान लूँ
जब की दिल को ये
उम्मीद आज भी हो
की वो किसी ना किसी बच्चे में अपना बचपन
फिर से देख कर जी उठेगा।

Photo by
Paavas Sharma
Batch of 2014

Shubham Agarwala
Batch of 2013



FURRY FRIENDS

One of the greatest things that can enrich a person's life is to share it with a pet, to learn to take into account the capabilities and needs of another species and trying to understand how another creature is seeing the world. We all have yearned for the touch of a tiny paw or the pat of a velvety muzzle. While some of us are lucky enough to actually have them by our sides, others have faced the affliction of losing them. This section is dedicated to our furry / scaly/ feathery friends who hold the warmest corner of our hearts.





A Lament on Love

-Dedicated to my younger brother who loved me more than what he spoke.....
-R.I.P Tippu .....

Those silent chains, those muted barks
The silence an intruder or stranger hears
Yet unheard, is the proof of his absence.

His eyes which had the eternal spark,
Are just static joys one can ponder about.

A killer himself, has now been called from above
From a height where we all would go
But never return ......And so it is with him.

The love he bore, a love that is most pure
Tied to my memories now
The love which has made me what I am today,
Have now faded into sands of time.

The spot he bore on his head,
And yes indeed the spot of love on us
Had to vanish from my eyes,
Because his time had come for Eternal Rest.

It all seems like yesterday,
And yesterday was not too far,
The joy I underwent for the past decade,
Have now taken the shape of words today.

He was my only younger brother,
But one who was worth having a lifetime
But it took more time for me to
Understand that he had less time than me where I dwelled.

The notes which came out in his barks
And the cry of pain which he had, was all that he spoke,
But things unsaid or maybe which he could never have said,
Meant everything he had in his soft mind for us....

The smile he bore, when he saw us,
His lowered head when he saw our angry faces,
Are all etched in our hearts with pain

As Memories get older, let his soul
Remain forever in Paradise with
The One Who called him for the last time.

He had always been a great listener
To our calls, but the last call he had to hear was of the Almighty ;
For he did not disobey us,
He just had to obey his Creator more.

He always heard whatever I had in my mind,
Yet with no reply
His cries that I heard when I left my house,
Has now become something I long for.

For his eyelids that went down,
And the jaws that closed forever,
Now would not reproduce even
The faintest voice from his living throat.

Amal Roy
Batch of 2012

A Birthday wish that changed my Life

All my life the one thing I always connected with were animals. The human mind was always hard for me to comprehend and my worst nightmare was being stuck in a world where only and only humans existed. When I was a kid the only thing I ever wished for was a puppy but my parents always denied me thinking I wasn't old enough or responsible enough, but seeing me cry every birthday broke their heart so they got me a variety of pet animals as a substitute. One birthday they got me a cage full of baby birds which I freed because I couldn't keep them in a cage, once they got me a turtle which I send away to a farm and once they got me a white rabbit and a black hare with a white collar. Their names were football and fuzzball. They stayed with me for 3 years before my white rabbit got pregnant and we had to set them both free on a farm where they were free and happy. That was the first time I felt loss and I cried for days on end.



So a little preview to us getting Abby. My mom and my sister were terrified of dogs and would never stay in the same room as one. On my 12th birthday I was really sick and that was the first time I didn't ask for a puppy. The day after my birthday my parents had gone out for some work or so I thought. That day I felt this anticipation of something good happening but I never hoped. At night my parents returned home with a closed basket in their hand which was shaking furiously and this little bark coming from inside. They put the basket down and opened the lid and in there was this little fawn colored pug with the smallest body and a black ears and a pink nose. That was the profound moment when I fell in love. She was left to explore the house and she ran around peeing everywhere, marking her territory. You know when you're a child the first thing you want to do is run to the person who looks scared of you that's exactly what happened. She ignored me and ran straight for my sister who was terrified of that little thing. I was utterly disheartened. The next few days went in searching for a name for her. I can't really tell exactly when my sister fell in love but I know how it must have felt. I came up with the name Abby for her which meant bringer of joy and she immediately responded to it. Abby used to sleep in the living room alone and I used to struggle with the fact that she won't ever love me. One night she was howling at night and I felt horrible to let a baby sleep all alone so I told my sister to get her in our bedroom and let her sleep there. She got Abby in the room but she would not sleep. My sister rocked her and sang to her but she just wouldn't sleep so she asked me to give it a try but I thought she would never sleep on my lap and seeing back now I can say that that was childish jealousy on my part. Once she came on my lap and I started walking around with her singing gibberish to her she immediately fell asleep. Till date she has never slept anywhere other than on my bed between me and my sister. From that day till she was 8 years old she had always eaten by my hand and she never leaves my lap in the vets' clinic. I realized that day that she saw my sister as someone elder and she always saw me as her protector and caregiver. Today I can proudly say that I have raised the most beautiful creature and my heart will only and only belong to her.

Dharitri Chakraborty
Batch of 2015



RONY
The Dog Next Door

I looked down, searching in anticipation
And I could make out,
Through the mosaic of steel parallelograms,
The delicate curl of a furry tail.
Just that, against the dim grey of a dusty floor.
The tail...it was black,
The kind you always see...not raven black...not velvet night sky black...
Just a dim ordinary black...nothing special there

Then, the next day, I finally saw you (nothing like my dream dog)
But somehow, distinctly different from other Alsatians I'd ever seen before
No soft melting chocolate brown eyes...no...
Neither were they black, like the rest of you...
They were kind of orange (like the paper cover I used on my books)
But...they had a gleam, of unleashed, unrestrained joy.

But, surely, you had a silly face...
It's so strange, because I don`t even remember your face properly...

I just remember-
How your perpetually wet nose felt against the palm of my hand
How your right ear always drooped (because of the tumor you had out there)
How your way-too -long pink tongue hung out of your jaws...

And you were a silly dog too!
Always sticking out your head through the verandah railings to bark at your kind on the street,
Trying to scare away a cow twice your size...

And then, you had the funniest name-RONY...well it never sounded like you...
You were more like LICK or DASH...something that sounded like unrestrained tomfoolery...
Never serious, never holding grudges...irresistibly funny...
Never ceasing to prance around,
Warmly jumping out at surprised (and 9 out of 10 times-completely scared) visitors...

And of course, you were a timid one too,
Scared of drums, scared of fireworks...who had heard of a dog like that?
Aren't dogs supposed to be courageous, brave, heroic...?
But you were nothing like that...you were just a silly dog...
An ADORABLE BALL OF FUR! Proximal to the constantly inhibited, eternally childish, fun loving heart...

You did have a loud bark, though...almost scary...commanding...serious...fierce...
And, again, it was one of those things that never sounded like you...

Oh, my silly little Rony... my adorable playmate...
Always so predictable... always so simple... always so uninhibited...
Always running after a thrown ball, but never caring to fetch it back...
So unlike other dogs...(You would just keep the ball in your mouth,and try to flee,as we ran after you shouting:“return the ball Rony...drop it now...”)

And then, little by little...things began to change...
You seemed to move out of my world...shifting farther away day by day...

You never complained...just sat behind those steel parallelograms... silent... restrained by a rusted iron chain...
Looking at me with those funny orange eyes, slightly tilting your head as I twisted the keys in the lock of our door...
You had just become the dusty snout I touched everyday before hurrying off to school...
Nothing more...
Just the silent dog next door...

A year passed...you seemed to grow weaker and weaker...
No one to play with...eternally tied... lonely and neglected... confined in a tiny dark corner...
Your eyes became foggy... the black of your fur was replaced by pink infected patches...your left ear began to droop too...

We heard so little of you...your loud bark reduced to heart-wrenching whines...
Everyone told us to stay away from you... I stopped coming near you...
I would simply stare at you...with eyes full of... disgust... shame... anger... and perhaps... sadness.

But you never understood any of it... I guess you were just confused by the behavior of this complex species...
Always so unpredictable...so complicated...at one moment they would play with you... giving you biscuits to eat, vigorously hugging you... and the next moment, they would simply recede... with a funny expression on their faces... move away as if you did not exist...
But there was nothing you could do... except perhaps trying to figure out what mischief you did this time... and I'll bet it all distressed your little doggy brain immensely...
Then one day...
It was 3:30...I had a test...I had to study...
I could hear your whines...we`d become used to it by then...
But they sounded more agonizing than usual...
I went to my window... looked down... but the wooden door behind the steel parallelograms was closed...
I had to study...I put on my earphones... and continued with my work

8:30 pm...the last tuition of the day was finally over...
I was staring out at the black sky over the dark waters of the Corola... while riding down a deserted bridge...
I spotted a lonely star in the sky... and suddenly I was reminded of you...I looked up and murmured a soft silly prayer...
But when I returned home... the space behind the steel parallelograms was empty....it was like you never existed......

Sumedha Mitra
Batch of 2015

Tail Tales



Patrick- the only dog I ever loved. Yes, I'm not a dog person, but I loved Patrick and I still do, even though he's not here to wag his tail and look at me with his beautiful brown eyes. I still remember- his golden fur and his happy bark. He loved me too, I feel. He reminds me of good times. He was my Dadaji's dog. We used to visit there occasionally, on specials occasions. Holi, Diwali, Rakhi- my memories are filled with Patrick because kids are not supposed to join in adult conversations. I never rebelled because he was an amazing companion.

Patrick passed away but my memories of him are still alive. I don't have my adulthood planned out. I don't have a very clear vision of how big my house would be or what colour would I paint my walls with. But I do know that when I'll return back home from work there would be a golden retriever wagging its tail, waiting to love me.

Parul Nagar
Batch of 2016



Bushy is a family cat. More than that it's a part of a family. He likes swings and soybean with Maggi. His unusual choices amuse us all. He is the joy in our lives.
Sreejeeta Dey
Batch of 2015

Going down my memory lane the best thing that had ever happened to me was in 2002 when a four legged perfect golden glassy fur, cute brown nose and starry eyed baby was brought home by my parents. I was 6 and my new best friend was a month old. Now my sunshine did not any longer come from the sun it came from the eyes of my dog. We literally grew up together he was my forever audience to my dances and speeches and my only fan probably! He was my rescue at all times from my half eaten lunch boxes to my wanting to play past midnight, My **Buddy**. Time flew past and we both grew up.
Then came a day where things had to end. I have the events in my head so vividly that they fill my eyes even today. It was 4 years back and it was the day I lost a part of me. His last breath was in my arms and I could see it in his eyes that he wanted to stay but the rule of life is so hard and fast that he could do nothing but leave. The way his body froze and the silence his death left in my family made me believe in one thing that a dog's love is the purest form of all. And I can now say proudly that I know what love is. It is that feeling that fills my heart and eyes just by his name on my lips.
If there was anything I could do to get him back I would do it all without a hitch. I do miss the fan speed tail wag and the cold moist nose every morning and the warm hug before bed that relieved all my tensions. Some angels chose fur and my dog was one of them.
Dogs speak but only to those who know how to listen.
LOVE sure is a four legged word.

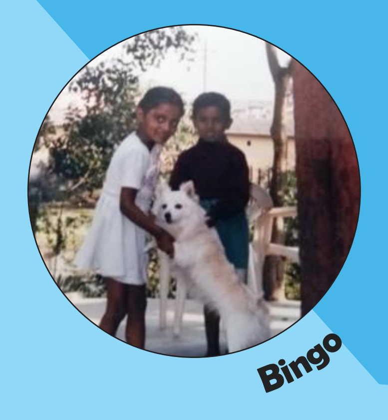
Sunayna Bhatnagar
Batch of 2014

I have two dogs back home- **Euro and Caesar.** They aren't just dogs- they're family. I know it sounds cliché but dogs can be trusted completely- unlike humans. You can have expectations from them without much thought. Their love for you is evident in their eyes and it gives me immense joy to see them jump around with happiness when I come back home.
Vedant Srinivasan
Batch of 2016

From clawing my arms out during play time to cuddling with me when I'm sick, **Toto** has been the perfect friend.
He's a pretty good listener too. I swear he's interested in everything I say. Really.
The peeing on my clothes and bed is a bit annoying, but whatever.
He's still my bundle of joy.
Nilay Karnik
Batch of 2014



Toto



Bingo

Bingo is that member of our family who has always been there with us through thick and thin. Mom says she is her younger daughter, she talks to her all the time and tells us that she is her best companion. When dad is away for work, I come to my college, mom gets all alone and that's when dad and I thank god for making us take this decision to adopt this girl.

Kriti Shankar
Batch of 2015

Every time someone sees **Quavo**, they say "Cute cat". I'll give you a few words of wisdom- "Looks can be deceptive". He may LOOK cute but he is a beast. He is a celebrity - the interbatch football mascot for final years. An active member of the Green Army. Quavo.

Sam Saketh Reddy
Batch of 2015



Quavo

A Love from my Past

Dogs. There's a reason we call them man's best friend. We can learn so many things from a dog's behavior, personality, demeanor, resilience, and most importantly, the willingness to provide their family members with unconditional love, loyalty, and companionship down to their very last breath. 31 January 2004 , the day my life changed when he entered, a very small 45 days year old golden Labrador: Duke. My father had no idea what we had done and had the most shocked look on his face when he came home at night and a dog jumped on him. I still cannot forget those expressions. Slowly and slowly Duke became an important part of our lives. Our day would start with his wagging tail and would end with his long barks. He was the most dedicated one out there. If anyone, even my father would scold me he would stand in front of me and bark at him. My mother is usually the last one to sleep at home, he would roam behind her at night telling her to sleep early in his own ways. Sometimes he would even get her nightgown one way or other and would bark at her until she was ready for bed. Happiness, sadness, anger, pain he was beside me through all, sometimes even in more ways than my parents could be. I still remember the time in class 8th I was in a boarding school and my vacations were just about to get over. I didn't want to leave and was kind of sad. I still don't understand how he came to know of it, he wouldn't leave me alone for a second. When it was time for me to go I could literally feel him crying with me. In the presence of a dog, somehow, nothing else matters. A dog is handing out pure love, sparing no expense, and asking absolutely nothing in return. There's consistency, love, and the beauty of life at its finest.For a dog, every morning is Christmas morning. Every walk is the best walk, every meal is the best meal, and every game is the best game. We can learn so much by observing the way our pets rejoice in life's simplest moments, take time every day to celebrate the many gifts that are hidden in the ordinary events of your own life. I can never forget the time I received a call saying he had cancer. My world had completely turned. I didn't know how to live without him. Yet even during his last days he would try not to trouble us, always telling us in his own way not to worry. My biggest regret till date is not being with him at that time, but I guess like my mom says he didn't want me to watch him that way and anyways which hero would want his sidekick to see him sick. He was and will always be my hero. But not to worry Duke we got you a nice small sister, Mitsy. She's exactly like you, even more fierce. I guess we miss you too much. Nevertheless, you are loved and will always be loved.

Dedicated lovingly to my dear DUKE
(25.12.2003 – 5.3.2015)

Sanskriti Arora
Batch of 2015

LOVE IS A FOUR-LEGGED WORD!

I had always wanted a little puppy as a kid but my parents were not very excited about the idea.
After a lot of convincing and pleading, around seven months ago a little furball came into our lives.
He was so tiny that he could be measured along my father's footwear. I had no worries as to how my parents will adjust to the new member, because they were already in love with him. My father named him Hachi, inspired from the movie based on a real life story of Hachiko- the faithful dog.
Playing with him, running behind him to feed him, clicking his pictures are a few of the many things my parents do all day.
My mom jokingly says that Hachi owns more toys than I had in my entire childhood!
In spite of being exceptionally cute, Hachi is a very very naughty and troublesome kid. Tearing away all our clothes, biting us when he isn't getting any attention, wanting to eat our food, peeing on the furniture, are some of his favourite past times. Hachi has a special kind of love with all the footwear in the house, he doesn't let anyone wear footwear inside the house. The moment he sees you with that, he bites it away. Some of my favourite flip flops have been prey to Hachi's tiny teeth.
There was this one day when I got furious because he wouldn't let me wear my footwear and I had to go out, so I snapped at him. He did not stop me further and let me go. I could hear him cry when I closed the door.



Natasha Raura
Batch of 2013

THE HIDDEN AND UNSEEN TRUTH

I've always been very fond of animals. The small puppies, the big elephants and everything in between. During my end of year vacations I did an internship with an animal rehabilitation center. When I decided to do it, my intention was just to spend time with animals and try to help them by doing whatever my capabilities permit but what I got out of that one month was something much more than that. I was amused by some of the facts that were told to me.



Peculiar behavior of different animals fascinated me but like they say- there are two sides of a coin. Along with the animal behavior, I learnt things about human behavior as well- and I can assure you- it was disturbing. At the centre, we had a few animals which were victims to cruel superstitions. From injured rabbits which were used for voodoo magic to monkeys which were traumatized at zoos. One of the most confusing feeling that I've felt was when I saw a critically injured dog get euthanized.
I've always wanted a pet but after this experience I've decided that I don't want to go to a pet store and just “buy” a pet like it is an accessory but try to rescue a stray and give it a loving home that it deserves.

Ayushma Chakraborty
Batch of 2016

Some angels have fur instead of wings!

Whoever said that a sunrise is the most beautiful thing in the world, was lying. I've been woken up countless times by a wet lick to my face. A request? To take my furry bundle of "joy" out for an early morning walk, because who cares that I was up till 2, early morning business is more important and on none of those occasions did a sunrise make my mood better. What did, was the mutual joy I felt, when me and said furry bundle raced to the house(obviously, I was the winner everytime).
Welcome, to an average day at my home, made special by the very existence of Scruffy. While some may question, the "furry bundle"adjective, but I assure you his nature justifies it aptly. Honestly, once, when he was a puppy he fell down while standing, quite like me. This could be the reason why we gel well, like two peas in a pod or would be if he didn't eat up all the peas in our house.
From the first day I held him in my arms(or tried to), I still remember that day, crystal clear. He was my pre-birthday gift, I remember coming out, tired from tuition and my Dad had come to pick me up. Surprisingly, we didn't take the normal route back and landed in front of a pet shop. As soon as we entered, there he was, the cutest black and brown puppy I'd ever seen. He was a bit apprehensive of everyone at first but when I crouched down and looked at him with my arms outstretched, he came running, stumbling and hid behind my legs, as if to say "protect me now and I'll love you the most" and so it has been. Best day of my life.
Whether it has been the night before an exam or a really bad nightmare, he always knows and quietly puts a paw on my face. Though, I assure you, he's not always an angel, he barks at kids, licks adult strangers and don't even get me started on the number of times he's torn my clothes, but whenever I've needed a hand, I've found his paw.
The love of a dog is unconditional, undying and unfathomable. I'm lucky, that an amazing soul like him, has decided to give me that love.



Aashna Roy
Batch of 2013



DO I ?

When I was five years old,
My mother bought me a scarf
To cherish seasons harsh
Do I thank her for that day?
Now that the scarfs don't protect our heads in maze

When ten, she brought home
A bicycle that would take me to places beyond
And I peddled the road with great force
Do I thank her for that day?
Now that bicycles can't take us to places where we wish to stay

Sweet sixteen, at the party-goers dismay
There were no fairy princesses, a watch she gave
To stay in touch and manage time at display
Do I thank her for that day?
Now that time flies and we sit amazed!

On my 20th jig, my mother visits
Embraces me with all her love
A rainbow of colors she sports in her smile
Oh! She's proud of a learner that grows with time
My mother, my world, you've raised me fine!

Do I thank you if I know seasons harsh, strengthens the mind afresh?
Do I thank you, if it's easier to reach whatever place, I stress?
Do I thank you, if time never fails to acknowledge my strength?
Do I thank you for my life, this day?

Aindrila Pal
Batch of 2017

The Soothsayer's Sphere

We all know how the urban maxim goes, right? "The stars and planets cannot affect your life...." We get it, but sometimes, it's fun to look up your sign, just for the heck of it and to learn about what makes you, "You".

If you've ever done it, isn't it funny how perfectly some of the traits seem to match your personality? Whether you obsess over horoscopes or just google your zodiac for fun, it's hard to deny how spookily spot on the traits can be. Read on below for some fun facts about your sun sign, whether this information helps you find your way in life or is simply something to talk about at parties, there is no denying, zodiac can be super entertaining.



ARIES (March 20 - April 19)

Aries, the first sign of the zodiac, is known for its confidence and courage. One thing many of them may have in common, is a scar on their forehead. This is because Aries children tend to rush forward into every new experience, which leads to literal head injuries. If you're an Aries, go ahead and check for any Harry Potter-esque marks!

TAURUS (April 19 - May 20)

If you're a Taurean, you're surely very practical and responsible. And what often goes hand in hand with it? Well, apart from your ability to actually do your laundry and renew Netflix subscriptions on time, you're also likely to be very good with money. Get it?





GEMINI (May 20 - June 20)

As a Gemini, you're probably already aware of your ability to learn quickly, adapt and exchange ideas. But did you know Gemini is the sign most likely to win prizes for their smarts? Also, the sign with the highest number of Nobel Laureates! Go You!

CANCER (June 20 - July 22)

Cancer-ians are loyal, tenacious and highly emotional, however they have some telling physical traits too! Cancer natives are ruled by the Moon and often tend to have expressive, radiant moon like faces. Pretty cute, right?



LEO (July 22 - August 22)

Hey Leo, you already know that you're super creative and passionate. But did you know you have a knack for persuading people? Yes, thanks to your charms and persuasion skills, you tend to make great Public Relations representatives. Lovely!

VIRGO (August 22 - September 22)

Virgo, the hard working, analytical and practical perfectionist. So it's pretty obvious who tops in class right? Since you know how to study and always study hard, you pretty much always ace in your academics. Coolest nerd ever!





LIBRA (September 22 - October 23)

As a Libra, you probably already know that you're the most cooperative, fair minded and social of all other signs. But did you know that Libra is the sign of beauty and is ruled by Venus, the Goddess of beauty and charm? As a result, Libra natives oftentimes have a dimple on their cheeks. How adorable!

SCORPIO (October 23 - November 21)

Scorpios are the most intense and passionate of all signs, often feeling the feels in every aspect of their lives - relationships, work, hobbies, etc. Fun fact about this sign is that Scorpio natives tend to have piercingly intense eyes. Playing a stare game with a Scorpio? They will out stare you, every single time.





SAGITTARIUS (November 21 - December 22)

As far as signs go, none are more generous or idealistic than the Sagittarius. Completely free of malice, the archer tends to blurt out shockingly direct speeches, in total innocence. Another adorable trait the centaurs carry is that they are passionate animal lovers! How cute is that?

CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 19)

Lucky you, Capricorn. Not only are you responsible and disciplined, but also you're the sign most likely to look young for a long, long time! So go ahead, enjoy your perpetual youthfulness!





AQUARIUS (January 19 - February 18)

Aquarius, you're surely known for your fierce independence. If there was any sign that deserved to be called the "divergent of the zodiac" it would be this water bearer. Generally kindly and tranquil by nature, Aquarians secretly delight in shocking conventional drab people, with occasional unpredictable conduct. Pretty Rad, right?

PISCES (February 18 - March 20)

Pisces, is known to be super dreamy and extremely intuitive. Indifferent to people's bristling opinions, did you know that the Fish is likely to have an uncanny love for chilled beverages? Man's not hot, eh?



The Melodious Portals of the Past in Future

Keep it all coming
I have no ears
No ears, not even one for you.

Running down those stairs
Scrambling,
Busy trying not falling.

These wires run down my ears
Unruly, untruly
Unruly yet not failing
Just flailing, flailing
To and fro
fixating such waxy catacombs
But I won't let it go!

As I trudge my way through
Wild and filth
In search for that perfect home.

Phone in one hand,
I dance, I prance
Scurrying through the den
Of normal mad men
Who'd turn around gaping
With their shining countenance,
Their smirking faces,
With machine minds, and machine hearts.
Who'd turn around gaping
At the real madman dancing,
Us.
Dancing through the roofs,
Expertly aloof of disparity
That enshrouds the clarity
Of supposed 'sane' minds.
Dancing aloof
With such ear-plugs on
And not one care to move.

Keep it coming,
I have no ears
No ears, not even one for you.

'Tis a wonder
What frail little things,
Things like these ear-plugs
can do for you.

These wires down my ears,
Unruly.
Unruly and swaying.
Swaying against
The world's tide.

I step onto the road,
My ears full o' banging
My limbs freely dancin'
My mind busy drowning
The noise of the world.

I step onto the road,
My ears full o'banging
Rejoicing all sadness
That's just been condoned.

I step onto the road
Thinkin' how easy 'tis
The music that grows,
that broods, that throws
All uneasiness, miseries,
all worries of the world
out and into the void
From whence it came
From whence we came.
Out to beyond, and more.

Keep it all coming,
I have no ears
No ears, not even one for you.

I strut on the streets,
The world at my feet,
Dancing to whatever
Those plugs throw
On repeat.
Making me float,
bloat as a smiling balloon
gliding through the air,
And across this fairyland
Of stars and moon.
As I strut on the streets,
Now grounding my feet
And the melody
Somehow still perseveres.

These wires down my ears,
Unruly, untruly
Unruly, but dear.
The one thing that cures
My fears, my tears.
Endears the messiahs of
Old wild frontiers.

O world, keep it all coming.
I have no ears.
No ears, not even one for you.

Siddarth Maitra
Batch of 2014

A Note to Myself

In between work today, I realized how narcissistic I was, how I'm the center of my tiny universe and how everything seems lesser important when put up against my dreams and whims. I could never grasp why narcissism is supposed to be looked at in negative light, why loving yourself passionately above everything else was a vice. Stare at the mirror for a minute or two longer, stop by the glass window and fix your hair, tell yourself, you're beautiful all the time, share that last piece of cake with yourself, flatter yourself. Kiss your fingertips and hug your own curves. You are made of waves and honey and spicy peppers when it's necessary. You're a goddess, I hope you haven't forgotten. I know loving others never got you too far, so why not try loving yourself instead?

Every day when you wake up, the world will try and get you down. You'll have goals to achieve and deadlines to meet. The cars will honk, the metro will screech, the crowd will chatter and somewhere in all this you'll forget what your soul sounds like and it will seem impossible to find that lost voice. All you will need then is a moment, that moment when you spread your wings and run wildly through the hills, when you heard your soul talk to the world unknown. Keep climbing, Keep worshipping yourself.

Photo by
Sreya Dutta
Batch of 2016

Arpita Banerjee.
Batch of 2017



No More

So strand by strand
I understand
I was supposed to
Conform
To insane standards
Of a picture perfect beauty
Of glowing smooth skin
In the silent hallow
Of your staling thought
Of how much
And where
Should I
Have my hair
And where all
The more
Does it become an eyesore?
And I'll ask you
To recollect
In the scientific subject
The least I shall dare
Mammal skin isn't bare
And you expect
I'll climb
Your ladder of
Repugnant beauty rhymes
I'm not tame-
A skinned sheep
Of your herd
I'm a wild fleek
Repelled by your word
I'm the sonority
Against your patriarchal mumbling
Your myopic standards
For me
Is yet another
Piece of skin
Where I'll let hair grow
Wild and free
And prune and keep it
To my glee
The way I am
Fucking supposed to be
And in an alarming mess
Of razors and waxes
My point hereby
Peacefully relaxes
Nevermore,
And I say it again
My skin, is my pride
It is not in vain!

Aditi Sinha
Batch of 2014

WHAT DO YOU NEED A FAKE ID FOR?

So many faces, So many names
What's all of this about
Help me search for myself
Who am I? Let's find out
Name is 'Sita' says my driver's license
My parent's need me for surviving
Hospital, emergency cleric, OPD. I take them.
But, Honestly I never passed the test for driving
Ration card mentions my name as 'Shiela'
Dancer by profession, Bar dancer by choice.
I have a little kid's stomach to fill
But if speak the truth, will they hear my voice?
PAN card has my name as 'Shreetama'
Taxes and audit's I hate the most.
Black money do I love? Don't know
But charity is where all my money goes
Voter ID has my name as 'Susan'
My student vote will change the government, I feel.
Have to try though, to help make a good country
But technically I am not even eighteen yet.
Name written on my AADHAR card is 'Saira'
Trust me I am not a terrorist I am good
An immigrant from a foreign country
But I also need clothes, shelter and food.
So did you find out who was i?
Saira, Susan, Shreetama, Shiela, Sita.
Maybe I am all. Maybe I am none
You can call me honest or you can call me cheater
I have fake names, I have fake ID's
Come what may, I thrive!
What do I need a fake ID for, you ask?
All I do is to survive!
So Basically,
All the world's a stage
And all men and women are merely players.

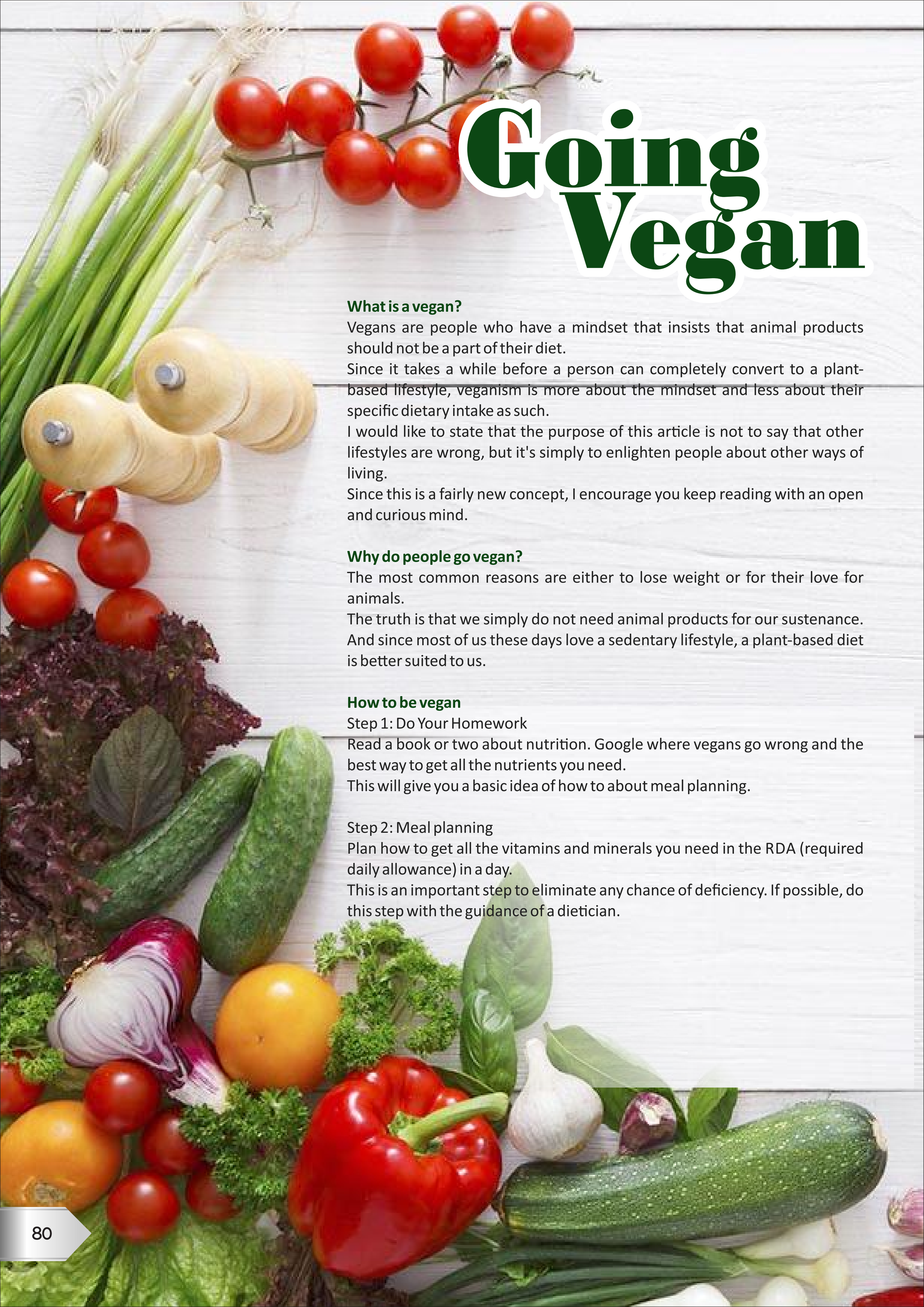
Paavas Sharma
Batch of 2014

DIVINE DELIGHTS





> The best part about cooking is that, no matter how meticulously you follow a recipe, you always put a 'bit of yourself' into it...Add your favourite sauce, or change the veggies, it's all up to you. We've compiled some easy-to-make-scrumptious recipes that will satisfy those ghar-ka-khaana hunger pangs. So, read on to unravel the charm of home cooking as we take you on one sensational gastronomic journey.



Going Vegan

What is a vegan?

Vegans are people who have a mindset that insists that animal products should not be a part of their diet.

Since it takes a while before a person can completely convert to a plant-based lifestyle, veganism is more about the mindset and less about their specific dietary intake as such.

I would like to state that the purpose of this article is not to say that other lifestyles are wrong, but it's simply to enlighten people about other ways of living.

Since this is a fairly new concept, I encourage you keep reading with an open and curious mind.

Why do people go vegan?

The most common reasons are either to lose weight or for their love for animals.

The truth is that we simply do not need animal products for our sustenance. And since most of us these days love a sedentary lifestyle, a plant-based diet is better suited to us.

How to be vegan

Step 1: Do Your Homework

Read a book or two about nutrition. Google where vegans go wrong and the best way to get all the nutrients you need.

This will give you a basic idea of how to about meal planning.

Step 2: Meal planning

Plan how to get all the vitamins and minerals you need in the RDA (required daily allowance) in a day.

This is an important step to eliminate any chance of deficiency. If possible, do this step with the guidance of a dietician.

Step 3: Transition

This is not a sudden change that you can just take on. Personally, I'm still on this step. To be able to cut out all of the animal products that you've been eating and that hold a place in your heart is not easy. But the best step you can take is to first replace the food that you love with vegan substitutes. Like vegan pizza! There are so many recipes online that you might actually find something new that you love. And it'll be guilt-free!

This step also includes spotting any deficiency you might have and making sure you meet a dietician to suit your needs.

Warnings

- Many vegan newbies experience dreadful 'hunger pans' after transitioning to a more raw food/plant based diet. This is because the food that you're consuming has less calories and hence you feel hungry much faster. However, this is normal and you might find it helpful to consume more fibre. Please visit a professional if you feel the need.
- Don't just cut out animal products completely before you replace them. Doing so will result in deficiency. I suggest not being strict with your diet atleast in the beginning.
- People will make fun of you. It's quite a weird diet to follow to be honest. Take this playfully and don't be discouraged!

Common misconceptions

'If you eat paneer you're not a vegan.'

It is not up to anyone else except yourself what being a vegan constitutes. You are doing this for yourself and only yourself. The term 'vegan' is just a label. You can make it mean whatever you want it to mean.

'Being a vegan means you are better than everyone else and that other ways of living are wrong because hurting animals is wrong.'

It's simply a way of living. It does nothing to evaluate a person's worth.

'Being a vegan gives you superpowers.'

This is in fact true.

Branching out

Being a vegan can either be isolated to the dietary intake or can effect other areas of your life. For example, using skin care products that are animal friendly and buying clothes from sources that are not associated with child labour.

Personally, I feel this encourages the companies that make the right choice. You basically sponsor companies by buying their products. When you put money into products that are not animal friendly, guess what happens. More of the stuff that's not animal friendly gets made. More animals get hurt. It's that simple. You can shape this world by the financial choices you make. It's up to you what decision you make, but make that decision keeping this in mind.



Arthi Chand
Batch of 2015



FOR THE LOVE OF BAKING!

I love sharing my journey through my passion for gourmet cooking. For those of you who know me, must know that I absolutely love spending time in the kitchen . Cooking for me is a stress buster and it's my favourite thing to do in the world, whether I'm celebrating something special or simply having a bad day! It's something that I can dedicate hours of energy and sweat (not literally) into without feeling the tiniest bit of exhaustion. Normally I'm a very lazy person and get tired super easily (I can barely make it through a lecture without getting drained to be honest, but I don't think that's exclusive to me) also, I wouldn't exactly classify myself as an artistic person, but on the contrary when I put on my chef's hat I transform into a different person altogether. Whether it's standing by the charcoal all day as I grill up some steaks for the summer barbeque or putting some muscle in to make the perfect tortilla dough-energy is definitely not a limiting factor. It's a feeling I really can't explain- I guess what brings me the most joy is seeing people's faces light up when I bring them exotic food which really gets me in the zone during the process. So this is who I am, born to give you a sweet tooth if you don't already have one, or to help get over your cravings if you do .

Bake A Wish Foundation

Most of you may not know this, but before I came to Mangalore I had a small business of my own which I had named 'Bake A Wish'. I used to channel my love of baking into something productive so that I could share it with the world- but to be honest it was just so that I could get the opportunity to bake as much as I could. Since the main objective was to quench my passion so I whipped up

exquisite desserts and personalized birthday cakes on order at a reasonable price. I wanted everyone to experience the taste of the desserts they'd probably only seen on Masterchef or TLC which were first of all hard to find and even if they did they would be ridiculously expensive. Also, what is up with fondant cakes? I mean they're gorgeous and taste great but why are they so damn expensive?! Fondant doesn't even cost that much and its available pretty much everywhere. This applies to pretty much every fancy dessert you get in the market- if it looks pretty, it's gotta be expensive. Well that's what I wanted to change, on a small scale anyway. I used to charge the money based on how much I've spent on the ingredients without any intention of making profit, yet the investment managed to get banked with extra money left over to buy new equipment for the kitchen. Hence, explaining the meaning of the foundation- you could order whatever you wish to eat even if it wasn't on the menu and you wouldn't get a heart attack looking at the bill- There were cute cupcake boxes designed for special occasions (most popular during friendship day, Diwali and andrakhi), unique birthday cakes with whatever your heart demands, within INR 1000. So the next time you're wondering where to get that scrumptious croquembouche you just saw on Fox Traveller, give me a call and I'll work all night to make that wish come true!
Not anymore I guess since I'm here, had to shut down when I shifted, but I do make exceptions for friends and fellow college mates :) Though the foundation doesn't function anymore I do still run the Facebook page where I've put up some of my best work and also you can browse through tips and tricks to make a simple combination of ingredients look super expensive.
www.Facebook/BakeAWish.com
Thank you for reading my story!I shall now reward you by revealing one of my secret recipies

Recepie
Orange-Strawberry summer cooler
Since it's always summer in Mangalore and since it's so overpriced though it's really simple to make and doesn't cost that much! Café Brio has the best lemonades here, hope you like this one too!
Difficulty: Easy
Time: 5 minutes
Makes about 1 litre
Ingredients: Strawberry syrup, orange juice 500ml, Sprite 500ml, 2 large lemons, crushed ice, a handful of mint and basil leaves.
Method:

1. Pour a generous amount of strawberry syrup in a jug (around 200-250mls), add the orange juice and the sprite and mix.
2. Squeeze the lemons into this mixture and add the crushed ice and basil leaves –done!
   Decorate with a slice of lemon on the side or a cocktail umbrella- and this looks super adorable if you serve them in those mason jar mugs!

   I do hope you try these out and have a nice time eating them! Cheers.

Ritvi Arvind
Batch of 2015



In Pursuit Of Health

Waking up already drained when the day has hardly begun, cringing at the site of a crowded elevator, feeling like you lost a combat after climbing about twenty steps up, ready to drop at the end of a fairly facile work day, refusing to get out of your bed all day, craving for that extra big bag of potato fries, scrolling endlessly through your social media, intently watching these people who radiate so much positivity, just by being so vigilant of their own selves, and admiring them from so far away, because that's all you think you can do within the confines of your comfort zone. Sounds familiar? Well, you are not alone.

As repetitive as it may sound, an alarming number of people of our generation are succumbing to a number of 'lifestyle diseases', a fancy name for an easily avertible problem, thanks to our unhealthy eating habits, and sedentary lifestyle. Be it the physical manifestations, such as diabetes, early onset hypertension, polycystic ovary syndrome in young women, or psychological, such as chronic fatigue syndrome, depression, and eating disorders, a progressively deleterious lifestyle has, without doubt, taken a toll on us.

The obstacle all of us face when we try to venture around improving our habits are - what is right? Social media has now become the hub of knowledge for many of us. It seems that for every expert who tells you a certain food is good for you, you'll find another saying exactly the opposite. While some of the so called fit chics proclaim that health, for women, equals obtaining a really big behind and a very thin waist, by eating minimal or no carbohydrates, a lot of meat, and lifting weights that should make you want to throw up, there are others who tell us that eating only plant based foods, and stretching your muscles all day long is your way to go. And then there is also a group that believes in a high-fat diet, and the gluten-free, dairy-free and many-other-things-free group. It's an unending frenzy, really.

Health is not about restrictive eating, staying excessively thin, exhausting yourself with exercise multiple times a day, depriving yourself of everything you love, or looking like your favourite Kardashian sister. But if the last thing comes as a side effect, then good for you, I guess. It is, on the other hand, everything that our ancestors did, by just following their instincts. It is about eating well, staying active, getting a good night's sleep, and being at peace with yourself and others. It's about feeling content and energetic, productive, getting sick less often, increasing your stamina, getting stronger, improving your mood in general, and if you ask me, increasing your sense of *self-respect*.

A healthy and balanced diet does not entail eating steamed kale for breakfast, a kale juice for lunch, and a kale salad for dinner. Not that there's anything wrong with kale, no. It was just a good metaphor. The word *'dieting'* might be one of the most misused terms there is. If you look it up, a *'diet'* is anything that you eat, habitually. So whether it is a pizza you eat every day, or vegetables, you're on a diet. Sorry to burst your bubble. The whole 'diet' culture is not only inefficient, but also has a boomerang effect. You want quick fixes, so you adopt an extremely restrictive diet, see results really quick, get encouraged, let go a little, binge eat, see the results vanish just as fast, lose hope and get frustrated, and the viscous cycle begins again.

Long story short - *you have to find out what works for you*, and as convenient as it might be, it won't come to you as a sudden premonition. Be prepared to invest in things that matter, let yourself go through a few trials and errors. Eating healthy doesn't have to be tedious, and remember, there is no priesthood here, you're just as capable of doing it as is your favorite Instagram personality. And I can tell you from experience, that you will, more often than not, transform from a person whose staple diet are burgers and cake to an avid food and nutrition enthusiast, faster than you think. Your foundation is to eat real, whole food, that's easily available to you and grown locally, as often as you can. Make sure to eat an appropriate amount of carbohydrates, protein, healthy fats, fiber, fruits and vegetables for all your meals. Irrespective of whether you're vegan, vegetarian or non-vegetarian, you have plenty of options, so try to find out about them. Also drink copious amounts of water, which not only helps flush toxins out of your system, but also enhances your metabolic rate. One question you should ask yourself whenever you plan to begin a new habit, big or small, is - is this habit *sustainable*, for more than a day? A week? If yes, go ahead. What I mean is, set realistic goals for yourself.

As cheesy as it may sound, there are no shortcuts or quick fixes to a healthier life, it is a long journey, with good days and bad days and alternating motivation levels, where you're going to learn and unlearn multiple things, and it can be as enjoyable as you want to make it.

That being said, eating healthy is incomplete, if you beat yourself up for that one cookie you ate thirteen days ago. The key is to eat well as often as you can, and let yourself enjoy a treat every once in a while. Whether it is a burger weekend with friends, or a tranquil evening with your grandma eating cakes and tea, be present, let yourself live. You'll probably remember these moments far longer than the food you ate. You may, for some reason, have a bad day, with no activity and unhealthy food, a bad week, or a month even. Just remember to shake your legs and get right back into your routine, and don't lose your sanity.

Back in the old days, and when I say that, I mean when our parents were young, they had a naturally active lifestyle. They would walk to school, and run around and play as kids, and not curl up in a room with Netflix. Our lives, on the other hand, are quite inactive. Not only do we barely walk places anymore, our work life mostly consists of sitting for long hours, and we have machines for everything from brushing our teeth to washing our dishes. Moral of the story - we must consciously keep ourselves active. And for some reason, people run miles away when they hear the word exercise. Fact is, it does not have to be all about getting short of breath, being in pain, or wanting to throw up. The trick is to find a hobby - something you actually *enjoy* doing. Whether it is jogging early in the morning, yoga, cycling, lifting weights, martial arts or anything else, just find your gig, and watch yourself get addicted to the endorphins. Yes, it actually happens.

You may be in a bad place right now, or think you're too far gone. You're probably out drinking every night, practically living on fast food, don't remember the last time you ate a vegetable, or worked out. A change could be as small as a ten minute walk, or just drinking more water, but wherever you are, just start. Make good choices for yourself, give yourself a pat on the back every now and then, take care of the body you are in, and be the best version of yourselves.

For healthy food inspiration, go ahead and follow my Instagram page @the_healthyhijabi .

Dr. Munazza Sharafuddin
Batch of 2013



The Hunger Queen

Is there something in your life that gives you immense happiness? Something that lifts up your mood like nothing else? Well, after living the hostel life for almost 3 years I realised, for me, happiness was good food. Nothing beats the pleasure of a delicious meal. Not being a fan of the hostel food, I used to eat out often. One fine day, while just going through Instagram, I stumbled upon some instablogs, when it struck me- I should do this! In 10 minutes I had set up my own blog, living in the era of smart phones, I already had loads of food pictures from my previous visits, I started writing about how much I liked a particular place, the dish I tried. It was only a matter of time, when I received messages from bloggers about how good I was doing. This boosted my confidence, and I wrote each time I went out. Being a vegetarian, my blog was just about vegetarian food, living in Mangalore this does restrict your reach. Later, I received messages from vegetarian Mangaloreans, whom my blog posts had helped. After reaching around 800 followers, I set up my own website.

Blogging is not just about writing. It's about pouring out your emotions. The wait for your food to arrive, the feeling when it is served in front of you and the burst of beautiful flavours in your mouth with the first bite. Your followers expect true reviews, hence, to keep you content credible, it is important to write what's true. That is what I do. It is like a responsibility. There are people who try places on the basis of what you tell them.

Slowly, I started getting invites, first one being Icy Creamz Hangyo, collaborated with Simbly South. Both of which were for a new menu tasting. And the biggest one yet was for the menu tasting of Onyx, before it was opened. Then came Retox, again for a new menu and so on henceforth. This has been my journey so far. And I can't wait to see what's in store for me, next

Anushtha Jain
Batch of 2014

Cookies
to heal your soul

Ingredients:

- 1½ cups of walnuts
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- ¼ cup plus 1½ tablespoons unsweetened cocoa powder
- Cup full of choco chips
- 2 large egg whites, room temperature
- 1 and ½ teaspoons vanilla extract
- scant ¼ teaspoon salt

Method:

Preheat oven to 350˚F/180˚C.
Spread the walnut halves on a large baking tray and toast in the oven for 9-10 minutes until golden and fragrant.
Let cool, then transfer nuts to a clean work surface and coarsely chop.

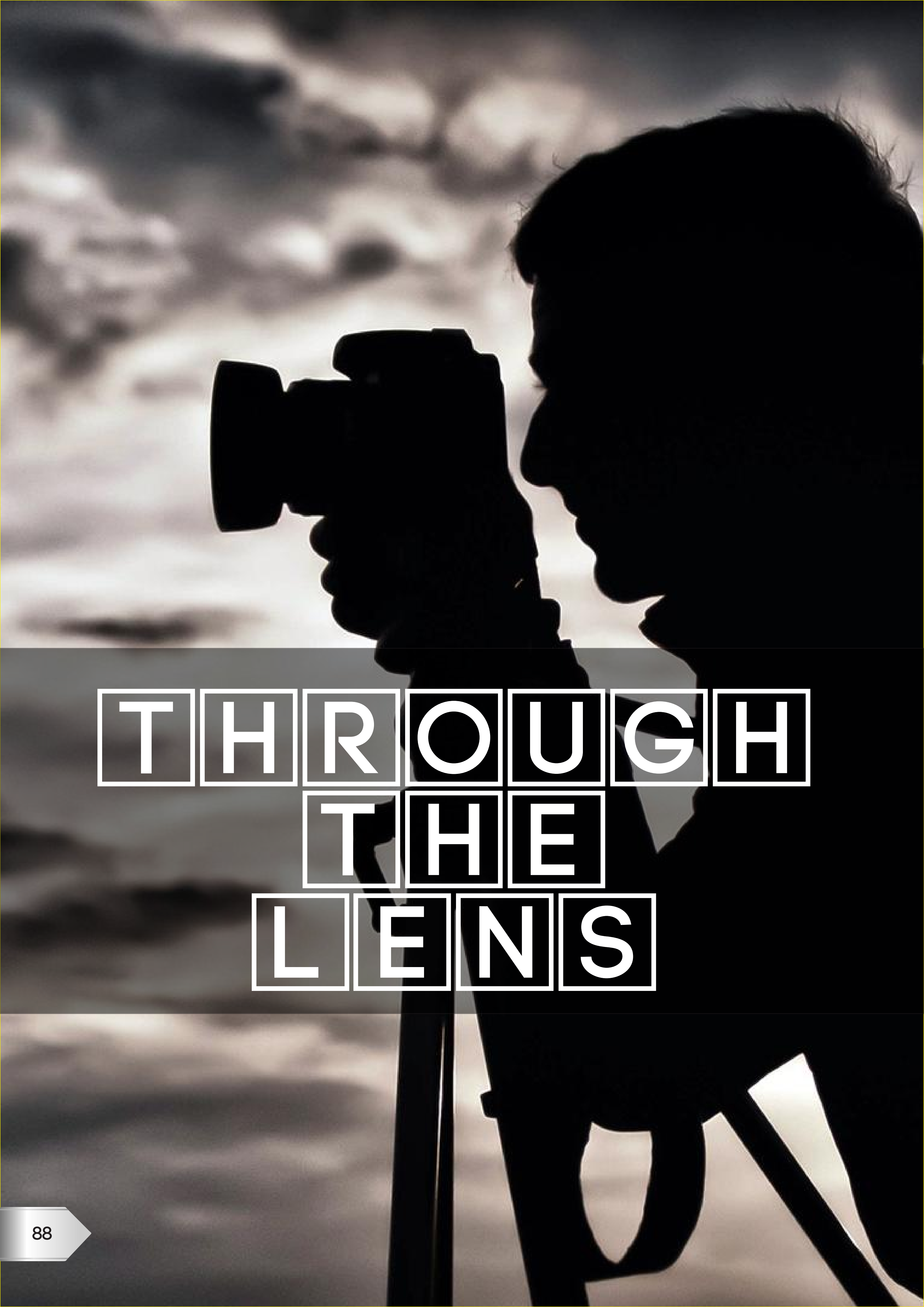
Meanwhile, combine egg whites in a cup and set aside.

In a large bowl, blend sifted cocoa powder, sugar and salt using a fork. Tip in vanilla and egg whites. Using a hand held electric mixer whisk everything together until just moistened without over beating as it will stiffen. The batter should look like a thick brownie mix. Now stir in walnuts and add the choco chips in all.
Lower oven temperature to 325˚F/160˚C and position two racks in the upper and lower thirds of the oven. Line 2 large rimmed baking sheets with parchment paper.

Spoon tablespoonfuls of batter on to each baking sheet in evenly spaced mounds leaving heaps of space in between—at least 3 inches.

On a large sheet place about 5 or 6 at the most. Bake for 14-17 minutes until cookies are puffed up with glossy, lightly cracked tops. Shift the pans from front to back and top to bottom halfway through to ensure even baking. Cookies will seem a bit soft when you take them out of the oven. They firm up as they cool, so be careful not to over bake them.
Voila!
Remove from oven and allow to cool.

Ayshwarya Dharan
Batch of 2015

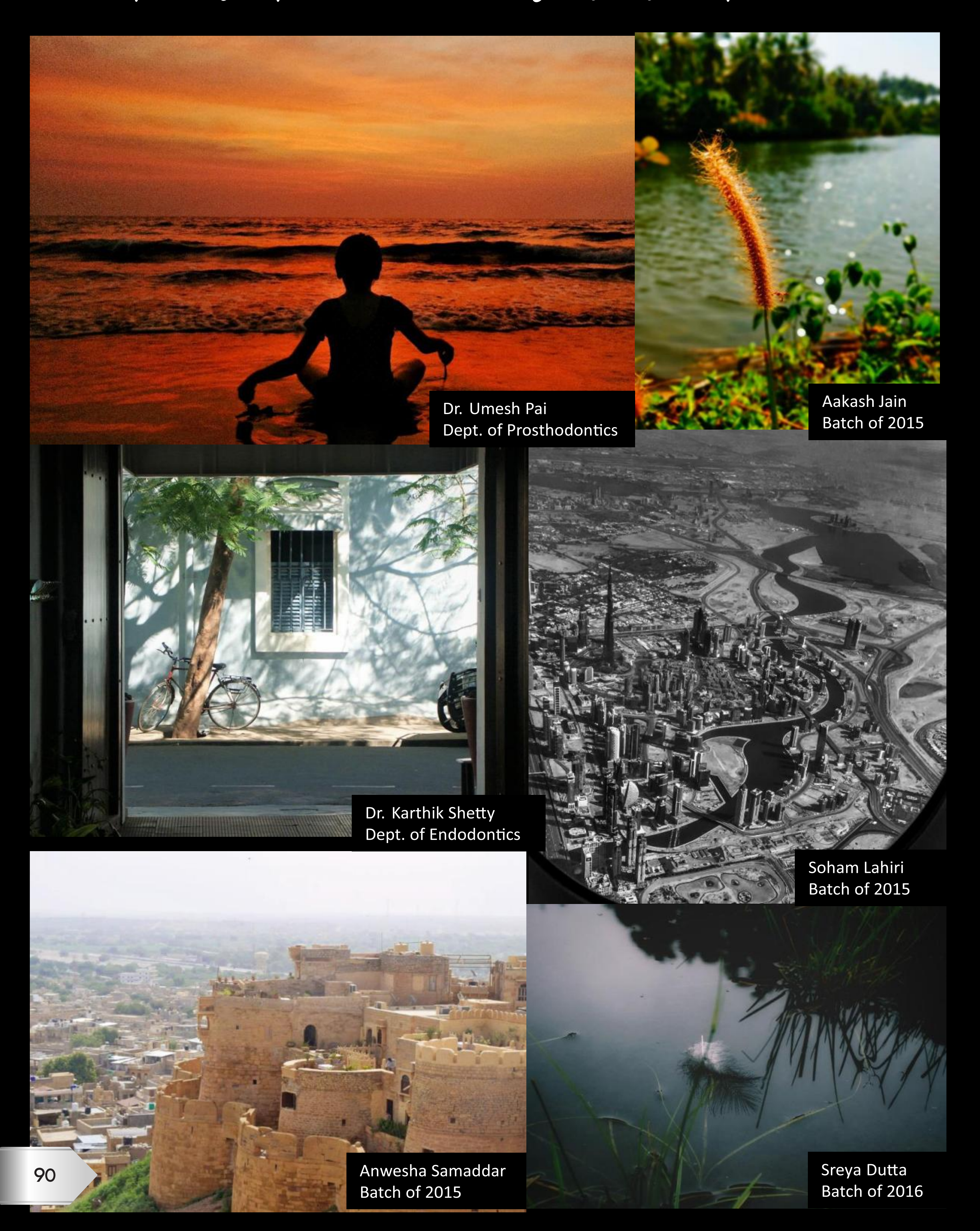


THROUGH THE LENS

“They say, photographs capture life even at the hundredth of a second. Every image is unique, and has a story to tell; and even though lenses can only capture objects, photographs portray emotion. So here we have a miscellany of some of the breathtaking snapshots, each a frozen fragment of the lensmen's lives.”



"A photograph is the beauty of life captured."



Dr. Umesh Pai
Dept. of Prosthodontics

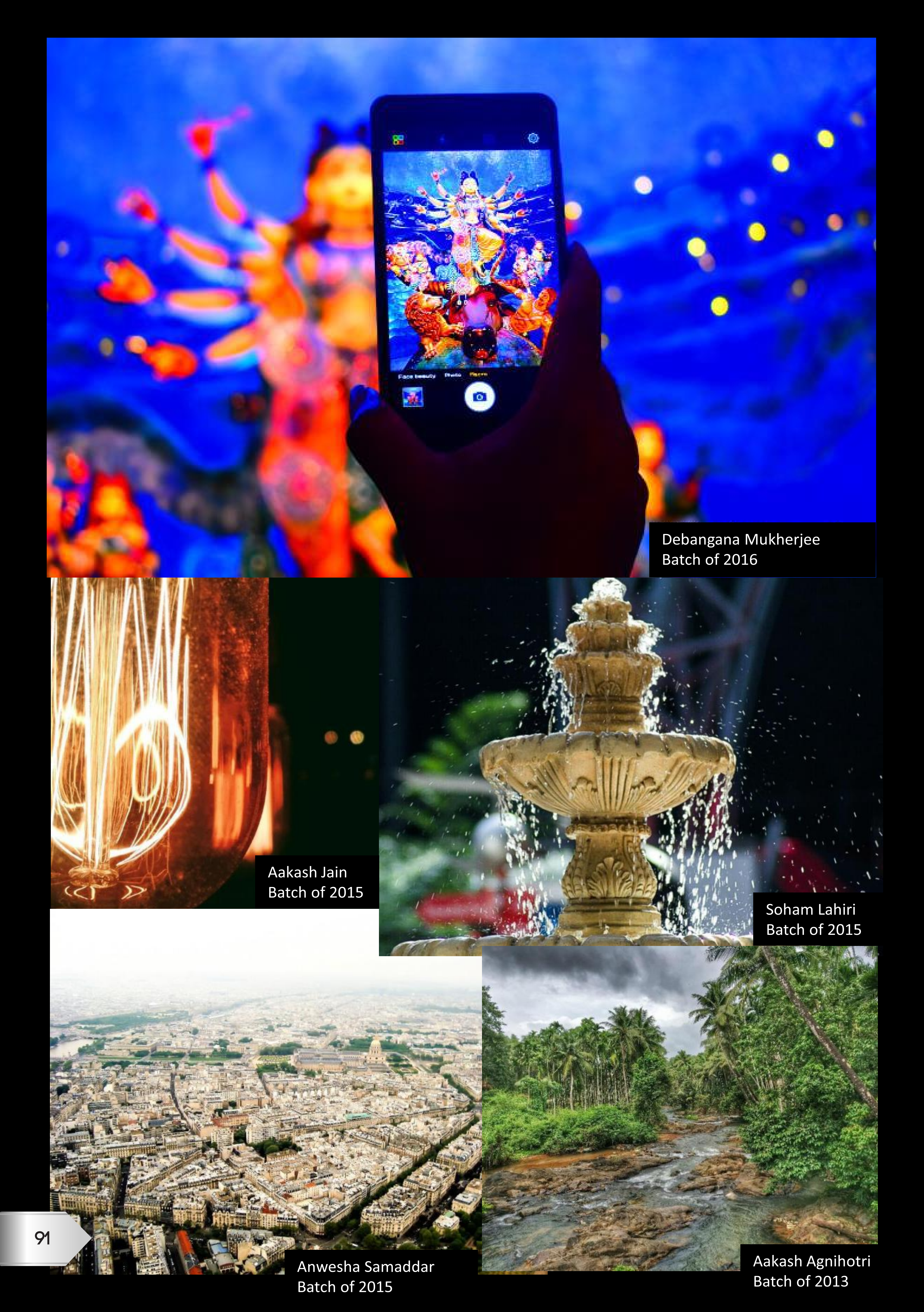
Aakash Jain
Batch of 2015

Dr. Karthik Shetty
Dept. of Endodontics

Soham Lahiri
Batch of 2015

Anwesha Samaddar
Batch of 2015

Sreya Dutta
Batch of 2016



Debangana Mukherjee
Batch of 2016

Aakash Jain
Batch of 2015

Soham Lahiri
Batch of 2015

Anwesha Samaddar
Batch of 2015

Aakash Agnihotri
Batch of 2013

My Idea of a Happy Life

One of the main objectives of many people in this world is to find peace and happiness in spite of adjusting themselves to the fast-moving life. Many of them look for guidance from spiritual leaders or centers, in their duties and few others in wealth and material gains. But only a handful of people try to find peace and happiness within themselves or within their actions.

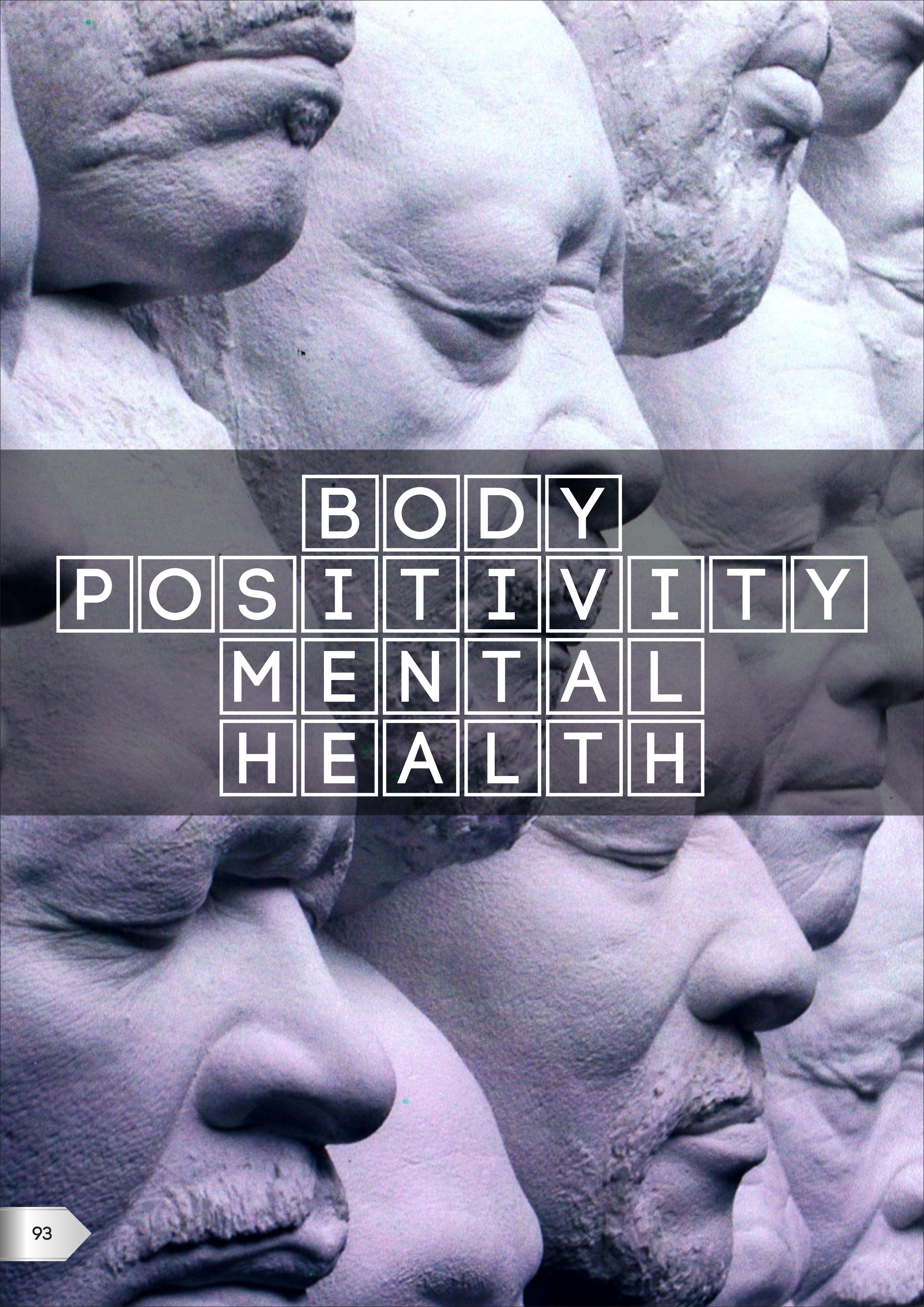
All of us would like to lead a happy and sophisticated life where there are no signs of tension, worries, heavy work. Oh, the list continues like carbon forming straight chain arrangement! As a student, I can say that we all want exams to be easier, evaluators of examinations to be liberal, or even the tests to be postponed!! But those situations can only happen in dreams and not in reality. So, the best way is to try to adjust ourselves to all the circumstances or obstacles of life ignoring the worries they create. But not to forget, we should be careful and alert too.

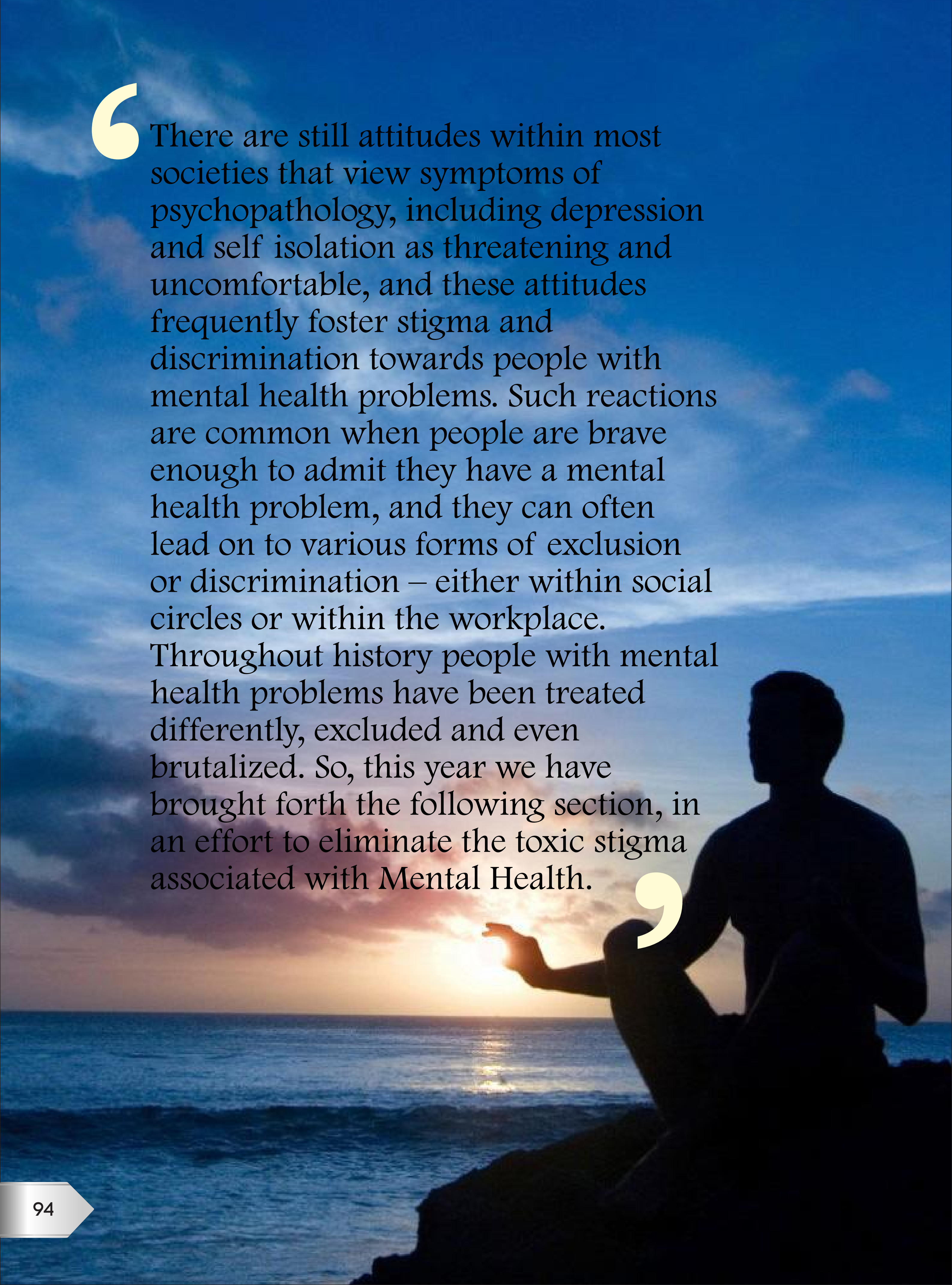
A person can lead a happy life when he or she learns to be satisfied with himself or herself. Petty jealousies, enmity, longing for material goods, pressure from friends or family can only breed sorrow. One should have grit and determination in completing any task but should not worry for failures and try to be calm and composed. Students, in order to lead their student life happily, will have to be punctual in completing the required tasks to avoid last minute tension. A healthy mind and body is also an essential prerequisite for happiness. A sick man can never be happy as his disease may take way his happiness and the efficiency of doing his job. A proper diet and tension-free living can definitely make a person healthy and happy.

Our selfish nature, jealousy, being protective of our interests or self-centeredness take away a lot of happiness from our lives. Happiness cannot be attained by gratifying physical senses. Only those can find eternal happiness who place other person's interests and sorrows before everything personal. A sincere, charismatic, alert and hard-working person who will not worry about the results of his actions or who is not concerned by the fruits that his efforts will bear will lead a happy life.

I, with confidence, would like to conclude by spreading the message that once we learn to lead a simple, hardworking, careful and ideal life, we can start leading a happy and peaceful life and be the better example for others. So this is my idea of a happy life.

Meghana R
Batch of 2017


BODY
POSITIVITY
MENTAL
HEALTH



There are still attitudes within most societies that view symptoms of psychopathology, including depression and self isolation as threatening and uncomfortable, and these attitudes frequently foster stigma and discrimination towards people with mental health problems. Such reactions are common when people are brave enough to admit they have a mental health problem, and they can often lead on to various forms of exclusion or discrimination – either within social circles or within the workplace. Throughout history people with mental health problems have been treated differently, excluded and even brutalized. So, this year we have brought forth the following section, in an effort to eliminate the toxic stigma associated with Mental Health.

We've been hearing this phrase floating around a lot lately. So, what is "Body Positivity" anyway? Body positivity is unlearning the idea that only certain bodies are worth acceptance and praise, and instead recognizing that all bodies are equally valuable. It's deciding what feels good and healthy for you personally, and letting other people do so for themselves. It's understanding that you deserve to live in your body without receiving the prejudice of others (whether that means rude comments, reduced economic opportunity, inadequate health care, or something else), and working toward a world where no one's body is the target of such bias. Living a body-positive life means embracing principles of acceptance regardless of size. That goes for your own body, and everyone else's too. Here we have put together some short snippets from people who have faced Body shaming, and how they rose above it all.

That skinny guy

"He's ugly. He's fat. And I love it. You know what, he looks gay to me. Not that anybody looks gay but he does seem effeminate." -Howard Stern on four time Grammy winner Sam Smith

It's been almost three years since this comment was passed, as a form of compliment of course; in what bizarre way however, seems to escape me till date. Welcome to the era of male body shaming, where you are no longer known as the person you are, by your achievements, or your personality; No. You are known by the number of kilograms you've put on in the past month, your waist size, your receding hairline, your skin tone, your penis size and whether your body type matches the one which has been standardized by the shirtless male models with their perfectly sculpted abs laden bodies commercialized by GQ, Men's Health and Esquire magazine to name a few. Not to mention that the idea of the perfect body type foisted upon women was probably what made a female friend of mine casually comment 'You'd look so much better if you put on some weight' and will end up being the reason why her matrimonial ad would one day read, 'At least 6 ft tall groom wanted; must be fair'.

The scrutiny that a common man, such as myself, goes through on a day to day basis only makes him hyperconscious of his flaws, thus pushing him towards the ever changing perception of unattainable physical perfection while at the same time plunging him into the depths of self-doubt, loathing and a hatred for his body he never knew existed. He gets a 6 month gym membership, orders protein powders online, and picks up a 'Men's Health' on his way home. Weights after weights, protein after protein, and he does it all, only for acceptance and validation. He puts on tube after tube of fairness cream, because 'dusky' or 'wheatish' are no longer in. Oh, but he's very discreet about it, because apparently doing that makes you less of a man. And the worst of it all, at the end of the day, he still feels worthless.

Now don't get me wrong, physical health is of the utmost importance and 'A healthy mind resides in a healthy body' yada-yada, I know. But this realisation and motivation towards attaining a healthy body or a certain 'ideal body type' should come from within and should not be because of condescendence and criticism, neither should it be the outcome of a fear of rejection or stigma. And before all you advocates of physical fitness and gym, decide to dismiss the entire essence of this article, I would point out the many examples I've personally encountered, where my now fit friend was once bullied because of being 'fat' or this other one who's been overweight his entire life because of a medical condition he has no control over; but that doesn't stop the onlookers from using his name as the butt of all jokes, or this third friend who's skinny and has absolutely no self-esteem because apparently 'being skinny in the guys' world is like being fat in the girls'. My point being that the issue of body shaming, augmented by today's media is one which is increasing at an alarming rate, and while some people out there might see this expansion of perfectionism from a woman's body to that of a man's, as a refreshing change, it's something that needs to curb, for both men and women.

We need to stop gauging people based on their height or weight, their skin tone and their imperfections; rather we should be accepting of everyone just the way they are. Their flaws are a part of them, and learning to live with those is probably going to be the most courageous thing they will ever do. We need to be respectful and supportive of that. The spirit of body positivity should be inculcated from the very beginning and the idea of perfectionism shunned. Not only will we be creating a world more open to others, we will also in the process be creating millions of confident individuals who're genuinely internally happy and unaffected by the superficiality of beauty and the 'ideal body type'. And hopefully, a few years down the line, we won't have another skinny guy spending most of his teen years reading articles about gaining weight and doing push-ups just to come close to what he thinks he's supposed to look like.



Photo by
Dr. Umesh Pai
Dept. of Prosthodontics

Sarthak Khatri
Batch of 2014

DEPRESSION

A Condition Not A Disease

I initially intended telling my story anonymously. But then I realized, there are whole lot of things to fear than fearing people's opinion.
Depression is often labelled as a "TABOO", a topic not to be discussed with people. I have seen my mother go through mental illness for more than a decade. Seeing our mother go through so much, my sister and I ended up with depression and anxiety problems, hence, my deep connection with this topic.
I was too young to remember what happened and how this illness started with my mother, but I remember my mother recovering from it. My mother's mental illness started even before I was born. My father tells me that the condition was so severe that she didn't even recognize any of us. Good thing was that my father supported my mother. He did all he could to save her, cure her. He took her to many doctors, invested all the money he had. One psychiatrist saved my mother. He cured her and made her the person she originally was. It took 5 years of medications for my mother to recognize us and do the daily stuffs like a regular person. I will always be grateful to the doctor who returned my mother to me.
My mother still takes the medications. She can't be a normal person without medicines. To be honest, a little help doesn't hurt. What I learned from all this is that when something starts to become fatal, it's no more a taboo. It becomes very important to talk about it. The battle with depression, mental illness, general anxiety would get much easier if people talk. More than half of the time the patients don't feel safe to talk, suffering inside and ending their life eventually. It's okay not to feel okay. Seeking help for depression and anxiety doesn't represent weakness. None of us can be strong all the time. Each one of us break down at some point or the other, some of us gather the strength to stand up and fight back but not all of us. Some are not able to gather the strength to stand up, fight back. Depression, mental illness, social anxiety is not something we can control. None of us can control our feelings and emotions.
It is a very hard to fight with the anxiety and lot more emotions you feel which you don't want to feel, we shouldn't make it harder for them. Talking about the problems the patients go through and the possible support all of us can render is the need of the hour. Maybe people suffering from anxiety and depression are strangers to you but what if one of your loved ones is suffering from these. You will never come to know if you don't talk about it.

Ritu Yadav
Batch of 2017



Art by
Manasvi Wangnoo
Batch of 2015





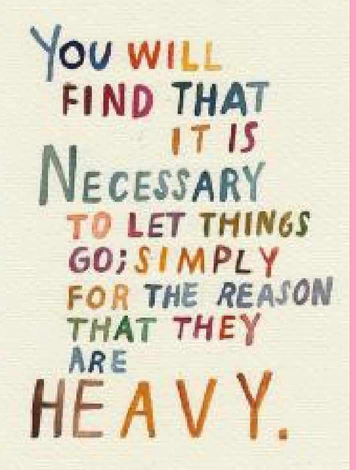




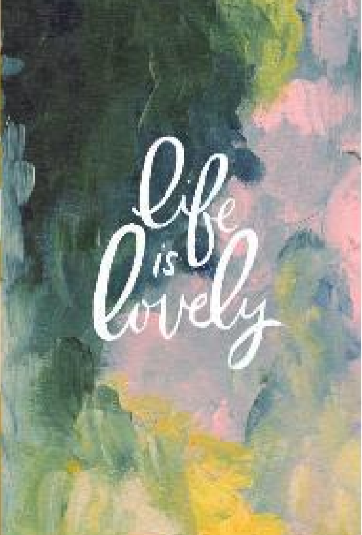


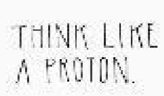


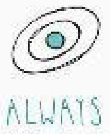












ALWAYS
POSITIVE.

DON'T
STOP
UNTIL
YOU'RE
PROUD

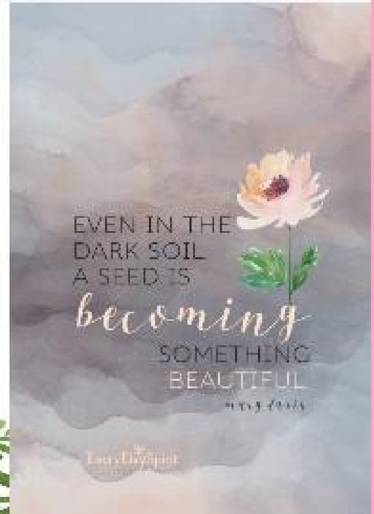












find BEAUTY in the small things

life is short
Live it.

BE HAPPY FOR THIS MOMENT. THIS MOMENT IS YOUR LIFE

shake it off

ENJOY TODAY

FOCUSING only on you FREES UP THE ENERGY IT TAKES TO CREATE deeper healing

DON'T WORRY JUST BE HAPPY

IF YOU HAVEN'T FOUND IT YET, KEEP LOOKING

Breathe

NEVER GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT

I CAN AND I WILL

it's never too late

Big things often have small beginnings

it always seems impossible until it's done.

INHALE the future EXHALE the past



मित्र

मित्र ' मात्र ध्वनि नहीं है
मात्र शब्द नही है
अर्थ है....
और अर्थ भी नहीं भावार्थ है
जिसे पढा नहीं जा सकता
समझा नहीं जा सकता
सिर्फ महसूस किया जा सकता है।

मित्र....
सीमाओं परिसीमाओं से परे सम्पूणत्व है...
जो सार्थक करता है हमारे
अस्तित्व को।

सन्क्षेप में मित्र
आज....
पुनः दे सके तारों मे संगीत
पुनः भर सके चित्रों में रंग
पुनः पा सके जुड्ने की संजीवनी
इसलिए मैं कहती हूँ कि मित्र मात्र ध्वनि नहीं,
शब्द नहीं,
अर्थ है और अर्थ भी नहीं भावार्थ है |



Kopal Vasudev
Batch of 2014

Princess of Darkness

She was the princess of darkness
With her broken wings and ripped heart.
She walked on a cold land of misery
Where sadness and sorrow followed her path.
Her words used to bleed into paper
While wandering mindlessly
amidst the ghost of memories
She smiles, when inner flame inside her ignites.
Because she knew deep within her soul
haunting emotions are burned.
She tries to break through
the torture of the lonely past
But not knowing from where to start.
She cursed the fate called love a fiend
Her silence was the poisonous end.

Ayshath Rukshana
Batch of 2017

the painting

I saw it there.
My easel with the plain white canvas.
And my palette with all those colors.
I pick up my brush and start painting.
Pink!
Tenderness, love and everything nice.
Then there is the black.
The dark voices screaming my name.
But before I listen to them
I put a stroke of white.
Peace. Peace in doing what I love.
Peace. Peace in being with people who love me back.
Then the stability of blue and the passion of red
Mingle delightfully
And purple speaks of my ambition.
Sometimes I am pulled in
By the gray dullness
But orange enthusiasm
always pulls me out of my emotional gutters.
I take a step back.
And take a look at my creation.
The canvas is now this hectic mess
But it screams of anarchy.
I put my name at the bottom
Because this is my work
And I love it.

Art by
Anwesha Samaddar
Batch of 2015

Parul Nagar
Batch of 2016

LAST SEEN AT...

Last Seen at 7.10 am

You are back from your run perhaps...I stare at the screen, wishing your "Morning! my love" pops up. But it does not. I put the phone next to my pillow, and shut my eyes. No typos to correct in half sleep. No silly variants of my name. No nothing.

Last seen at 11.30 am

"I miss you baby. What time do we meet?" "You just woke up you lazy ass, didn't you?"I smirk at the piece of luminous glass and move from one empty screen to another. Rows and columns of blank cells look at me with the empathy of prize winning social workers.

It is an innocuous act; this pushing self away from screen, reclining into chair and staring into hollow space, but I tell you, it is the most underrated form of travel.

Last seen at 2.00 pm

That afternoon, when you came home for lunch. The first time you met Maa. Shy, awkward, trying so hard to please. Another, when we lay on a bed watching time sleep on a musty ceiling. And then, last Tuesday, when you told me. Nonchalant, like the end of an impassioned dream.

Last seen at 7.00 pm

Drowning in laughter with me over hot chocolate and other farcical beverages in city cafes. Now, a vivid memory. Today, you're possibly at a friend's home with your bag of discontent. I give myself too much importance, no? May be you're just drinking beer with another man saying, "Thank God".

Last seen at 12.10 am

Tucked into your ugly blanket, writing "Sleep well love! I'd snuggle by your side if I could but damn, this middle-class romance!" and I, I'd laugh at our existence. I'd smile beamingly before going to bed, imitating those annoying emoticons you often sent. Once I threatened to call it off because at one point your sentences had more emoticons than words and what did you do? You sent me a paragraph full of those in return.

Last seen at 8.30 am

Eating white bread with mayo and accompanied with fries."What's the point of your workouts if you're going to stuff unhealthy food inside you?", I'd preach. You'd chomp away and still look like a meal each time we met.
How we slipped away from each other, like sand, we will never know. And as the seasons change, we won't ask. But today, on this mundane November Friday, I still see you.

And if you stare at your phone like I stare at mine, you will see me too.

typing...

Dr Deeptimoyi Ghosh
PG, Department of Prosthodontics

The View

Lush green forests, a beautiful lake and my city. The view from this place was mesmerizing. I was at the Jain temple which is famous for its beautiful panoramic view. A cherry on top is the curvy road lined by trees which finally leads to the temple high above. When I finally reached I stood there, awestruck, appreciating the magnificence of the city that I call home. The wind was casting its spell, the not too sunny weather was clement and the birds were singing songs to express their love for this blissful scenery. I was taking in all this beauty and then something struck me. A coconut fell on my head and I died. Fine. No. But something did strike me and that was the fact that everything looks so beautiful from such high points. It can be a dumping ground, but it would still look beautiful from high above. No, the point of me making this statement is not to undermine the beauty that nature has to offer and no, I'm not stating that trash is beautiful.

When we see the world from high above, we see it differently. Or we only see the bigger picture. We see the innumerable houses but not the disparity in the households of the widespread slums. We see the streets but not the children peddling articles as soon as the traffic light turns red. We see the lakes and oceans but not the depleting aquatic ecosystem due to the destruction caused by us. We see the world without problems when we're high above and that is why it all seems so exquisite. So serene. I would like to call it the naïve view. It helps us appreciate the good but at the same time it deprives us of the harsh reality. Is it not the same with people? We see them like flesh and bones. We see the clothes and the hair. We see the faces and the smiles. We see the big picture. We judge based on that. They smile, they are happy. The problem with both the scenarios is the same. We think we know. We think we understand. The world is beautiful and the people are happy. It is what keeps us sane. But sadly, it doesn't solve problems.

We would want to fix the people we love and for that we would have to help them unmask the sadness behind their smile. To fix the world, the place we call home, we would have to step down, see the world as it is, burst our bubble and try to make it as beautiful as it seems from up above. And when we get too frightened to look at the mayhem in the eye, escape to the high points and remember- there is still beauty out there, somewhere.



Photo by
Shefali Singh
Batch of 2016

Parul Nagar
Batch of 2016

THE MONSTER IN MY BED

Remember monsters only exist in fairytales
Not in the cracks and crevices of the hands that once touched you with love-
But now throw you around like the same meaningless words that were said yesterday

Don't listen to your instincts when you should,
Build walls around you where there were once flower beds and love him recklessly as you once could
Your heart wasn't meant to be this big
And it can't be captured by the logic in your bones chanting "run away"

Smile to put on the façade that you now call normalcy
Because you believe your own love would never hurt you

Make your sanity a balancing act between the hard reality
And how he tells you he still loves you

Repeat day after day like a track record stuck on repeat that it was your fault
To make your life more bearable for a second longer
Because you couldn't say no when he dug his nails so deep inside you that he claimed it as his own
And you couldn't say no when your skull crashed into the wall because you still wanted to believe he was the one
And most of all-
You couldn't say no because there was no one to listen
He wasn't made of the same flesh and bones as you
He couldn't listen as your skin turned black and blue
Because darling,
You thought monsters only existed in fairytales

Srishty Pundir
Batch of 2015

INVERSE

Strings deliquesce
Huddle in hushed agony
Tangle their dance around the heart
Relinquish
Farewell fist fibril
Intertwined they;
Gulp the blood, the life, the soul;
The sensation
Sucked out of being
These strings leave behind imprints,
Intricate carvings of their once-upon-a-time presence.
The person is left with holes,
which are like fossils,
emotional tides cannot be surpassed
because the emotion carriers,
The strings have surrendered,
They've realized,
That their wounds and their tapering ends cannot be bandaged
because the person has run out of bandages.
For who supplies these bandages but hope itself
and if hope drowns momentarily or visibly,
Of course visibly and not literally,
That is the person's oxygen fabric fades or wears off
so much so there is no clothing to stitch the wound in,
And this is what emotional outburst sounds like,
there's a literal war going on inside of you
what with the blood soaking out of these strings
what with hemoglobin bound naked oxygen
And the strings being your metaphorical
vessels of sunshine, and with themselves
poured out inside of you,
pouring out the negativity,
the secrets meant to be safe-kept,
the buried memories
because what was the fabric but protection,
it was protection of you from you,
the real you,
the dark you,
the you,
you kept locked away not realizing that bottles could explode, vessels could burst under the pressure,
the pressure you put yourself through by
giving it a silent funeral,
the superficial coating,
the temporary smiles have worn off
because with the overwhelming black you
refuse to see the light because you think you deserve being unhappy,
because you remember who you can be and
what you're capable of,
because you realize you aren't perfect,
and you let yourself see it drown,
you shut yourself from its beseech,
tho knowing that only you can save you
and that together you and hope can sew up new strings
and let the old ones go after all,
in fact you together as a team shoot whatever of it resides,
and every dark piece is assigned a meaning to,
every dark piece is made peace with and sewn
under a new ray, giving rise to a new vessel of hope,
vessel of light.

Rukhsaar Ayaz
Batch of 2016

Through The Mist

I've found my strength in the crescent of crooked smiles,
The drizzle of salty tears,
The constellations on freckled collarbones,
The cracks on tanned skin,
The rugged elbows and knees,
The glittering starry eyes,
The soft puddle of stretch marks,
The dents on the bottom of the spine,
The rise of a new cry,
The set of a wrinkled giggle
Strength in the goodbye of a loved one,
The kind smile of a stranger,
The last mile of the marathon,
The Petrichor or of the first shower,
The hues of the December sunset
Strength in the sweet sweat of victory,
Equally so in the acceptance of my shortcomings.
In embracing the love they receive
And in reciprocating it
Strength in the darkness of uncertainty
For shadows only mean there is light nearby
In the silence of unspoken vows
And paradoxically in the vulnerability of 3am breakdowns
Strength in holding on …..
…..And strength in letting go

Photo by
Samreen Fatima
Batch of 2016

Saisaumya Tiwari
Batch of 2016

The Matryoshka Doll

She was, in her very essence, exactly like a Matryoshka doll, or a Russian doll, as they are commonly called. She didn't have a porcelain body made of fine China and was certainly not clad in an evening gown made of white satin, complete with a pair of dainty glass slippers; instead, she was made of coarse wood, polished to near perfection, adorned in a vibrant attire, complete with a pair of flip flops – not exactly what you would call graceful at first glance, but she was certainly beautiful in her own non-conventional way.

She was, in her very essence, exactly like a Matryoshka doll, or a Russian doll, as they are commonly called. If one got to know her well enough, one would easily come to understand that there are more than just three dimensions to her, possibly even nine. But above all, she had a childlike innocence, which was quite easily one of her most endearing qualities and yet, she hid it under eight other layers of coarse wood, polished to near perfection.

She was, in her very essence, exactly like a Matryoshka doll, or a Russian doll, as they are commonly called. It was fairly easy to get her to open up to people – one would just have to get to know her, one layer, one microcosm at a time, because there were whole galaxies within her. As a matter of fact, if one was skeptical of the multiverse theory, one would simply have to look into her and he would be forever convinced of the existence of multiple universes.

She was, in her very essence, exactly like a Matryoshka doll, or a Russian doll, as they are commonly called. Made of coarse wood polished to near perfection, painted with all the vibrant colors life had to offer, holding within her worlds of emotions, experiences, memories and thoughts and yet, carrying within her, unadulterated sincerity – no, she was not graceful, nor was she immaculately pretty – but she was certainly beautiful. She wasn't a porcelain China doll, which you would keep in a glass showcase for guests to admire; instead, she was a Matryoshka doll, which you would keep on a refined mantelpiece, so that every time you look at her, she makes you smile.

Aiman Itrat Abbasi
Batch of 2016

DEATH/ MORTE

As we are born, we die
Every single moment
Of every minute
Of an hour
Of a day
Of a week
Of a month
Of a year, we are dying

As every cell is created, another dies
In a body, in everybody
Every creature, everywhere

Omnipotent and omnipresent
Birth and death war in a vicious cycle called life.
Choose life or death, constant is born to die,
No escape found even in the shadows of elixir of life

Whispers of silence, of mourning
Of cries of unsurmountable grief
Weave through the waves of pain and loss
Of a loved one, dear one, or an enemy?
Inevitable it is to not fall in the jaws of a trap set to close since birth

Does it matter who I am? Or you? When death makes no exceptions?
Is it better to live in the fear of death or live in the moment of life?
Fear it when we near it or
Bear it when we wear it?

Photo by
Lokesh Sai
Batch of 2015

Vaishnavi Gundeti
Batch of 2015



Ankit ran, as far as he could without looking back.
2 hours ago
'Dude, the chick in red is so fat!', Aviraj said.
Ankit didn't feel the need to dignify that with a response.
'I think I want her.' Aviraj chuckled.
Ankit hadn't come to this place to revel in the joys of the flesh trade but knew his best friend very well. So he let him go about his business so that he could do his.
Ankit saw some lights in a row at some distance.
" I'll find a bar. You finish your business and meet me in that bar." Ankit said and started walking towards it.
Ankit hadn't been to a bar before. He sat on a table in the corner and asked the waiter to get a drink.
Ankit spotted an enchantingly beautiful woman among the dancers. She didn't seem very interested in dancing. She kept staring at him in a conceited manner. Ankit, an otherwise introverted banker, got up and decided to talk to her. He wasn't interested in anything else. Alcohol had done its work and he felt confident enough to strike a conversation with a stranger. A drunk fifty something man suddenly started walking towards her. Her eyes widened and she tried looking somewhere else. The man grabbed her by the arm and said, "Give me my money!"
She replied, "I'll do that once I go home. Let me do my work."
"I've had enough of your stupid excuses."
He started dragging her out of the bar. She resisted but he overpowered, the manager tried to intervene but the man had taken out a knife by then. He held it against her throat and threatened to swerve it off.
Ankit was shocked but decided to follow anyway. He grabbed a broken beer bottle and walked out of the bar. He confronted the man, "Let her go."
The man replied, "So you have a Romeo too, Noor?"
'Noor', Ankit knew her name now.
She stared at Ankit. Her eyes were filled with horror and screamed for help but she said, "I think you should stay away from all this. This man is dangerous."
"And she's a smart girl. Don't try to be a hero, son. Just let me do my business." Ankit replied, "We can settle this in a better way. Let her go for now."
"I owe him a lot of money and I don't think you should help" Noor replied, her voice filled with despair.
"Listen, the two of you stop your drama. If I don't get my money, I'll take this girl and no one can stop me. You've wasted a lot of my time already" saying so the man started dragging her away.
"Wait! How much money does she need to give?", Ankit yelled. He just wanted to stop them somehow.

The old man smirked and replied," ten thousand."
"I'll give you the money and you will never trouble her again."
Ankit handed over all his money and his watch to the old man as he counted the money. He then replied, "This was a good deal. Here, take your girl."
The old man left and Ankit was alone with her now. Ankit said, "My name is Ankit and I know all this must be very strange for you but.."
"Thank you so much." Noor replied, smiling for the first time, "I'll return you the money within a week. I hope it's fine?"
"That is totally fine but why do you owe him that much money?", Ankit asked.
He saw her forehead tense and said, " You don't have to tell me. I understand it might be personal."
Noor took out her necklace. There was a locket. She opened it to show him a photo. "This is my brother, Abu and that man is our landlord. I had borrowed that money from him to pay for Abu's school fee." She paused for a while. She looked closely at the photo and said, "Abu has been diagnosed with leukaemia. I need a lot of money to save him. Our parents died a lot time ago and Abu was their best gift to me and if I lose him-", she couldn't complete the sentence and started weeping. Ankit replied, "I'm sorry. I would be really happy to help you."
"No Ankit, I'll have to manage somehow. You have already helped me a lot. Thank you for everything but I need to go. I need to deposit twenty thousand tomorrow in the hospital. I might be able to collect some money from the bar", Noor started to leave.
"Noor! I have some money in my bank. Just take it for now. Return whenever you can but try finding some other job until then. I'll help you with that." Ankit said.
"I cannot thank you enough." Noor replied with both grief and gratitude in her eyes.
Ankit got the money from the ATM and gave it to her. They started walking towards her home. They reached and Noor said, "I think you should give me your contact number. Abu would have been very happy to see you but he must be asleep, so maybe you can meet him the next time you come."
Ankit bade goodbye and started walking towards his car. He couldn't stop thinking about her and was looking forward to the next meeting. As he opened his car door, he realised he had forgotten his mobile phone. He ran back to Noor's home to get it. He knocked at the door but there was no answer. Then, he noticed that the house was locked. Before he could understand what was going on, a small boy ran into him and said, "Sir, can you help me?"
Ankit looked at the boy and realised he was Abu. "What is it?"
"My sister is suffering from cancer and I borrowed money for her treatment from this man, who is chasing me right now-" Ankit saw the landlord at some distance and understood the "story". The landlord started running away and asked Abu to run.
Ankit was trying to understand things but both of them were out of sight now. He realised he had been conned. He ran away from that place, without looking back, as fast as he could.

Ritu Gupta
Batch of 2016

aashche bocchor abar hobe

The goddess will arrive again, next year.

Life, some say, is all about making the best of what you got. Nothing is perfect and today I might not get even remotely close to feeling and writing about the level of anticipation and happiness that Ihad felt few years back in Kolkata during Durga Puja. All I could do is close my eyes in reminecse, stuck in a faraway land in the south within the 4 walls of the hostel room enveloped in peels of unexplainable silence and mundane chores of life, where everything related to Pujo became a distant dream.

Yes, four days a year, every year, life gets coloured in pomp and ceremony when Ma Durga comes to visit us in autumn with her four children.

But calling it a five day event would be nothing but a gross understatement. The city of Kolkata embraces herself with bated breath, celebrating the triumph of good over evil, hope over despair, and idealism over cynicism.

Although I am in a different city, removed from the neverending cacophony, my mind's eye has never failed to witness arrays of cotton-candy clouds in a sky painted in Prussian blue, my heart has not refrained from beating faster at the sight of "kaash phool" swaying their tufts at sudden violet twilight hours, my senses have been persistent in perceiving the ubiquitous mix of the "Pujo" smell in the air saturated with shopping perspiration and astringency, patched with whiffs of inevitable freshness.

However, my life in Mangalore during the 4 days had been quite different. Neither did the city wake up at 4 am to a tour-de-force of

Photo by
Debangana Mukherjee
Batch of 2016

raw overflowing emotions of a certain 'Mahisasura Mardini', nor did I see familiar images of a woman draped in red and white rising in golden armour, like in every other pandal in Kolkata.
Durga Puja came here within a large community hall, in a loud chatter of unexpected Bengali, and nooks and corners of dull streets where the ignorant tailor refused to take my orders anymore. The indifference angered me, I felt terribly betrayed in an unknown city devoid of the yellow autumn sky and fragnance of "shiuli" flower, as my friends and family back home made plans.
I was already missing my city and now, I was missing the alleys that I did not even know existed, but were beaming in their newfound vanity of foodstalls and kilometre- long light installations. The newly painted doors and windows both to see and to be seen, the beautifully designed pandals in the evershining city streets, the dhaki's electrifying warm-ups, the rhythmic clangs of the bells, the majestic Durga aarti on Ashtami, the mesmeric dance of the lamps, the practised ululations and crimson-red faces of married women on Dashami,old friendships rekindled at new teastalls and cafes.. Young, tender, fearless lovers. Their love being made public...all these seemed to slip away from me, further and further away.
Far away from my beloved Kolkata, I realize that this festival holds different meanings for different people across the nation. For some, it is just a concept or a story getting passed on like "Chinese whispers" since ages, for some it's all about pandal hopping, for some it may mean meeting old friends but for those who stay outside kolkata, durga puja is a mix-n-match of homecoming and terrible sadness with gallons of eccentricity thrown in, that one must leave behind.
So this is me, gradually coming to terms with the fact that leaving, is an act of love too, that sometimes I have to walk away from something infectious yet hauntingly real only to understand how incredible it really is, to fathom that at one point of time, I shall beat all odds and move on.

Megha Mukherjee
Batch of 2015



EYES

The day is what I don't remember,
I remember that night,
Something was gawking at me with twelve
Eyes arranged haphazardly on a globe
with thin spines.
Every time it moved it made a clicking
Sound ...like that of Lexi's jaw! I know.
I see eyes everywhere, eyes crawling out
from
Under the carpet, eyes escaping from the
Crumbs of the bread I eat for breakfast!
They call me “loony!”...the people who
keep a hundred needles and pills for their
defense.
But I dance around free, because I don't
fear the things they call fallacy.
I'm seven years older than I was when I
met “it”
First,
But I've come to the surmise...
That it's them I pity, the ones who live for
Validations and self-delusions
And I was a schizophrenic enough to
evade self-disgust...
Unlike the saner crowd!
Tear me apart!
The salt you out of your eyes
Drop- e- drag they take away right
Through those faint valleys of your face
A part of you; you wouldn't know
The crystal gives away shades of color
Those shades are you
Burning away, what they think as glitter
“Norhan” is what they say
But you curl up and hide
You have let out a glimpse of
Your soul and now you pretend
That you don't care
Those endless nights you tried
So hard to mound your bigot
And now they know all the
Struggle
A tear you let loose carried
Your dreams, your fears, your crazy
aspirations to live and now you fear
That they might flow away to those
Who should know?

Anshita Gulati
Batch of 2015

TOXIC

The shadow has passed.
But I'm burdened still, of the shadows of the past and the cries of the future ringing shrill
Of what to do and what not to
To be in the push and pull of their emotions that drag down all my notions, eroding the loathing I have of this loneliness...of this selflesness.

This selflesness that comes along with my selfishness for the yearning to be in that constant mould of their attention hold; not always, not a whole but only once too often a yearning to belong, a desire to be wanted,
Something primevally old.

Active to passive
And the old switcheroo
A silence to silence all that was of want to be said, a silence that stayed all words unsaid.
For anger gripped, ripped apart the heart in a zillion cries of love and despair that bred the first seeds of hatred but one that never was said.

I plead, I try. Never good enough to be desired.
I point, while high on the anger that now fired.
But they see naught but the 'righteous' deeds of own
And forget all the kindness to them that was shown.
And so we fight, just on and on.
Pushing and pulling off this quagmire of our own.

Trapped.
Trapped in this beguiling
Swirl of ebbing love and hate.
My breathing only faked,
My neck these chains holding.
Imprisoned, with the gates wide open.
Too weak to escape unless from within being broken.

Siddarth Maitra
Batch of 2014

RE(E/A)L

Clashes of metal, fountains of blood, last cries from the throats severed – it unfolded like a Dance.

And He?
The hands stopped shaking, turned into fists.
The eyes got focused, turned into rage.

ACT I

Assistant Director 1: Sir, we'll go ahead with shooting scene 37 today? We've got the extras ready.
Director: The battle sequence right? Yes, yes.
Get me the DP, I need to finalize the close-up of the Enemy here.
Round up the extras, we'll start in 15 minutes.
Assistant Director 1: Yes sir!

ACT II

Assistant Director 1: Okay positions everyone! Roll camera!
DP: Camera rolling!
RE(E/A)L Scene 37, Take 1.
Director: Action!

*****

It started slow, distant.
What was it? Thunder? Lightning?
Hooves!
The streak of the Enemy broke though the horizon, spilling onto the land, in hundreds! No, thousands!
The earth seemed to be shattering, collapsing, in its trance of self-destruction.
The sound of the hooves, the neigh of the horses, the battle cries of the warriors, getting louder and louder by the second, until it became a ringing in His ears!
The ringing, getting closer, and closer, until ahhhh!
He saw that ghastly stare. The scarred face with those blood red eyes.
The lips parted, and there it was, that cackle.
A chill ran down His spine.
The cackle was the conch shell, and the men were in fury.
Clashes of metal, fountains of blood, last cries from the throats severed – it unfolded like a Dance.
And He?
He knew He had lost, it was over.
The knees buckled, fell upon his defeated land.

*****

Director: And, fade to black! Cut!

ACT III

Assistant Director 1: Okay positions everyone! Come on, let's do this again! Roll camera!
DP: Camera rolling!
RE(E/A)L Scene 37, Take 2.
Director: Action!

*****

It started slow, distant.
What was it? Thunder? Lightning?
Hooves!
The streak of the Enemy broke though the horizon, spilling onto the land, in hundreds! No, thousands!
The earth seemed to be shattering, collapsing, in its trance of self-destruction.
The sound of the hooves, the neigh of the horses, the battle cries of the warriors, getting louder and louder by the second, until it became a ringing in His ears!
The ringing, getting closer, and closer, until ahhhh!
He saw that ghastly stare. The scarred face with those blood red eyes.
The lips parted, and there it was, that cackle.
A chill ran down His spine.
The cackle was the conch shell, and the men were in fury.

And He let out a cry that silenced the rest, the Dance stopped midway.
He had won this.

*****

Director: And, fade to black! Cut!

ACT IV

Director: Which one should we go for, do you think?
Script Supervisor: Which one will the Audience want? Which will sell more tickets?

They look at:
The Producer.
The End

CAST LIST{in order of appearance}
Director, Assistant Director 1 – Parietal lobe
(The parietal lobe of the brain processes sensory input)
Director of Photography – Occipital lobe
(The occipital lobe of the brain is the visual reception area)
Enemy – Life
Battle Dance – Internal conflict
He – Approach to life
Audience - Society
Script Supervisor – Cerebellum
(The cerebellum coordinates voluntary movement)
Producer – You
(Makes the final call)

Arubarna Dasgupta
Batch of 2014

Dream to bore

Away from the burdens of legacy,
away from the depressive realism,
I blindly take a step to my enchanting dreams,
for I have woven a beautiful dream before me,
Being the most unlikeliest thing to imagine,
but dear that brings vigour to my life,

a throb of passion,
a touch of love,
a heal to my open wounds,
a heat of steaming desire shrivels down my skin piercing my veins,
soon my intellect and sentiments fall on the same palette,

All of a sudden caught in the web of love,
like a vagabond I wander searching the golden arcs of love,
the blemishes on my lovely cheeks,
the freckles of sadness in my face;
spring apart by playing a welcome note for love,

In the corner of the dark woods two souls so near,
the thrills and shrills call the lovely pair,
the holy angels envyingly gaze upon the gripping sequel
forayed before them,
nothing is as splendid as them,
no artist's caricature as marvellous as them,
no sight as picturesque as them,
for they were more vibrant than any painter's canvas,

I still see them glued towards each other,
eyes filled with vengeance of love,
desires waving in as tides in an ocean,
a flame of lust flickering in those almond eyes; kindled their love,
bonded in love they were personification of love,
they idealized the inevitable pleasure of being in love,

for that moment I was entrapped in a virtual world of fantasy,
though unreal it was feast for my monotonous life,
I relived it,it flushed away my woes,
it revelled me from the hollowness of my own life
and I sealed my pains in that passionate dream forever....

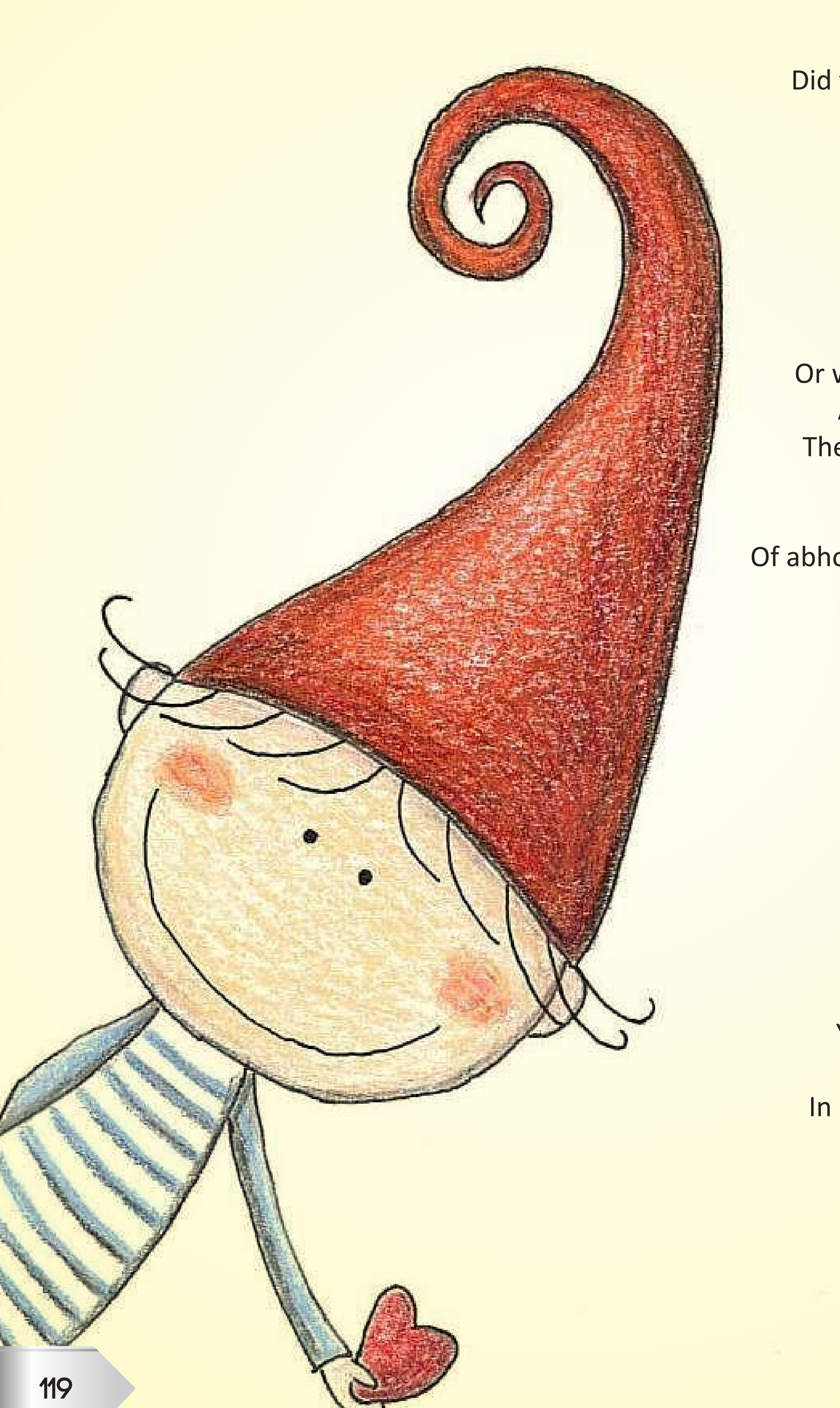


Art by
Aindrila Pal
Batch of 2017

Jewel Jose
Batch of 2015

So are you ready to come out?

It has been dark
All your past
In the struggles of blacks and greys
You've been rejected the happy days
Your colours ever put to trial
Normalcy had a silent burial
The struggle has been forever since
Pain. Shout. Cry. Wince.
Did they react when they came to know?
Or is it just a mask you always show
I'll tell you to obfuscate the blows
Rise and shine.
You're a fucking rainbow
Do you remember how he kissed?
And the growing jabs of lies,
Snarled and hissed
Or when they touched the forbidden lips
A life was culled, a heartbeat skipped
There will never be the right day for you
Except when you choose it to
It's a severely constricted myopia
Of abhorrent standards and gender dystopia
They're still labelling it pink and blue
You're a threat to their tyranny
In a brilliant spectrum hue
You shine through glass
You shine through rain
And when you shine,
The world is no longer the same
You shine through walls
In a fiction of lore
You stand happy, gay, and tall
Though the closet door
The time will never be opportune
You have to hum your own stray tune
And a symphony shall be birthed
In between rights and the rightful stead
And one day, you'll tell me all about
But today
Are you ready to come out?



Aditi Sinha
Batch of 2014

AIESEC: A New Beginning

Our journey started exactly when we came to know that we had cleared our 3 phase interview for the PROGRAMME :- "ORAL CANCER AND AWARNESS".To be frank, even during our University exams both of us were in deep thought about what would our experience be like and moreover did we do the right thing. Being the first and only people from our batch in our first year to take up this project, we headed straight into it but were tensed too.

Reaching Sri Lanka and getting to know about their culture, traditions, languages and moreover meeting people from different nationalities was an experience like none other.

This is what AIESEC has in all its projects, diversity among the students. Individuals from different origins, beliefs but with a common agenda- to serve and give their maximum effort towards the project.

We as individuals, didn't think how small efforts actually brought about a difference in the lives of the Sri Lankan youth. The optimistic response by the natives of Sri Lanka was unparalleled.

We conducted oral cancer surveys, made informative PowerPoint presentations, gave live case examples of people suffering from oral cancer and reviewed everything by conducting a poll on the topic. Being with AIESEC, and being led by their council there was a really good experience. Their experience has been a lot of help to us to setup AIESEC here and start an all new MANGALORE CHAPTER.

Above all, I highly recommend anyone possibly, remotely reading this article and has even a peck of interest in volunteering to bring change in even a single individual's life.

Aakash Jain
(Expansion Entity President)
Abhinav Kathuria
(Team Leader, Marketing)
Batch of 2015

AIESEC: Around Sri Lanka in 30 days

After being recruited in the international organisation- AIESEC, the most sublime part of our entire journey through AIESEC was and is our exchange period abroad. The entire thought of going to a different part of the world where one could actually leave an impact by their work was truly an enthralling experience filled with fun and challenges.

We worked as volunteers in the project "TEACH LANKA" in August 2017 at British Way English Academy, Sri Lanka. The experience of staying with different people belonging to vast diversities for four complete weeks, pushing yourselves from your comfort levels and bringing the best which was lying within was the main challenge. That was the period when we felt responsible working for another neighbouring country selflessly just for our fellow mates to have brighter futures. During this internship, we did not just end up meeting wonderful people but this volunteering also helped us get to the major issues of the country and scale out proper methods to channel the problems to the youth of the country and made one realise their importance in the society and how one could help curb the nation.

We also had holiday trips apart from the project, which were an absolute bliss. Travelling carefree with people you haven't actually met before in a nation where the language is unknown has helped us personally to become stronger and more independent. Whenever there were good times or bad times, AIESECers were just a call away to help us with any sort of issue and this is when we acquired the knowledge about the importance of customer experience and all the phases an Exchange participant goes through in his or her internship.

We underwent a lot of self-development and have improved our skills which helps us to do productive work. We met a bunch of amazing people, built a family that we always will have and learnt a lot of untaught lessons of life. There is something new to learn in every opportunity you take up in AIESEC. Opportunities where not just the individual but where the society gets benefited.

RushitaPati
(Team Leader, Operations),
Manisha Matthew
Batch of 2015

BON VOYAGE

There is no denying that travelling is the best way to open your eyes to the beauty of other people's cultures and countries. Exploration opens not only the mind, but also the heart. Beauty has so many forms, so many colors and so many stages; it can be ruthless, incontestable, young, unusual , stunning, gloomy, natural , overwhelming, or everlasting; but no matter what shape it takes, beauty is meant to touch your soul or your mind at least for a moment, to inspire you and to make you become a better person , an artist and sometimes... to make you fall in love. So here we have, our very own travel stories to spark the wanderlust, and make you look up your next vacation spot!

Photo by
Dr. Aakash Agnihotri
Batch of 2013

TRAVEL BUG HITLIST

- O Moodbidri
- O Karkala
- O Chikmagalur
- O Agumbe
- O Kudremukh
- O Hampi
- O Badami
- O Sakleshpur
- O Agumbe
- O Goa
- O Gokarna
- O Mysore
- O Munnar
- O Kannur
- O Kozhikode
- O Karwar
- O Murdeshwar
- O Jog Falls
- O Manipal End Point
- O Malpe Beach
- O St. Mary's Island

What are you even?

1-5 Are you sure you don't have a Vitamin D deficiency?
6-11 It's literally like Bharath mall is your hangout spot.
12-16 Oh holy one, teach us your ways.
17- 21 Look at you travel bug! How about attending college once in a while?
Friendly reminder: Attendance is 75%

Salam India!

As a group of twelve youngsters who knew very little, and experienced even less, we set foot on this country called India in the year 2013.
I remembered our first week here. We were told to get our own aprons for college. Aprons! I got to say, we were utterly bewildered. Apparently lab coats were called “aprons”. To “recharge” was to top-up money into our cellphone accounts, and to “xerox” something was to photocopy it. Oh, the confusion! Not forgetting the iconic Indian headshakes. It was disorientatingand yet strangely mesmerizing. We could never tell if the person was saying “yes” or “no”.
Pronunciationswere somewhat different too. The letter M was “yemmm”, N was “yennn”, L was “yellll”. Informing our destination to auto drivers was no easy feat too. KMC Bejai was “KMC Beejayy”. Our Malaysian tongues wouldn't obey us. We managed to thoroughly confuse both the locals as well as ourselves. Sorry guys, we really tried.
Our poor lecturers had a hard time getting our names right too. Lai was “Lay” for awhile, then “Ching” for next few months. One memorable lecturer was Nidhi Ma'am. Bless her, she tried her best to call us by our given names instead of just surnames like “Chong” or “Heng”. It made us giggle when she called Hao Phin as “Hao Fin”. It was endearing, and pretty accurate and impressive overall. We love you, ma'am!
Our classmates could never tell us apart. Honestly,in the beginning we jumbled up our classmates' faces and names too. However, to this day my poor friend Iren still has people calling her by the name of Kavitha, though Kavitha and Iren are nothing alike. And Lai has people congratulating him on winning a singing competition which he did not even participate in. All these had us cackling with laughter.
There's this one time we went to the Indian restaurant opposite our college. Our seniors spoke highly of the food, so we went one day, hopes high, expecting to try delicious Indian food. The following scenario ensues:
Eunice: Can we have two disco masala…
Waiter: Disco masala, okay. (writes on paper, head bobbing vigorously in agreement)
Eunice: (changes her mind) Ah, actually...
Waiter: Egg chilly, okay. (continues to write on paper)
Everyone else: (burst out laughing)
The iconic egg chilly story. We could never say “actually” in a normal way ever again.
Once we were watching a Spiderman movie in the cinema. When the hero appeared, all of sudden people starting whistling, clapping and cheering. We looked around in bemusement, accepting this as another quirk. And the traffic. We couldn't begin to fathom the reason behind this continuous, seemingly trivial honking that all drivers do. And the fact that drivers sometimes drive opposing the direction of the traffic in casual nonchalance and without a care in the world boggled our minds from time to time.
During our stay here, we realised social norms differ from country to country, and we need to adapt and confirm, as the saying goes, “when in Rome, do as the Romans do”. Don't get me wrong, we experienced a lot during our time here, grew up in many ways, met lots of nice people and made many new friends and acquaintances that we will cherish for a long,long time.The cultural differences just made us more open-minded and made us realise that people of different heritage and upbringing can be friends, have common interests and share the same humour. We are not that different after all. Thank you, the people of India for this enriching experience. We, the Malaysian batch of 2013 of MCODS Mangalore, are proud to say we have studied here and humbly send our best wishes to all of youand lastly, thanks for the memories.
Alavida!

Dr. Chelsea
Batch of 2013

EUROPE

A Wander luster's Paradise

College, hostel and friends have inevitably become our second home and family. But it's always the annual vacation we longingly look forward to, to get back to our roots-to be with our loved ones-to escape the strenuous routine of college life-the month of August has truly become very special!

As the vacations kicked off at the end of a hectic academic year, my family left no stone unturned to make the most of it-to spend quality time with their daughter, returning home after 8 long months.

A trip to Italy and Switzerland was on the cards for quite some time and finally we decided that this was the best time to pull it off. Within 3 days of my return and a quick episode of essential packing, I found myself on the airplane flying me to one of the most famous cities in the world-Rome! -a perfect blend of the old world and new-the bearer of ancient Roman heritage. Within a day of leaving home, I was standing in front the great Colosseum completely awestruck by its vastness, architecture and the culture it embodies-deservingly a wonder of the world! The other points of attraction we visited during our 2-day stay was St. Peter`sBasilica, Vatican Museums, the ruins in Roman Forum and the Trevi Fountain. I obviously didn't miss out my chance to try out the most famous Italian delicacies from margheritas, lasagna, whole meal spaghetti and a sweet ending with tiramisu- none failed to impress! The next 4 days were spent in the beautiful cities of Florence and Venice, the latter being the most unique place I ever visited- gorgeous in its true sense. An evening gondola ride with candle-light dinner by the canals was no less than a dream. The less known adjoining islands of Murano, Burano and Torcello were equally attractive. Florence is a hub for art lovers with immense work of Da Vinci and Michelangelo on display at the Uffizi Galleria. Travelling across the country was extremely convenient thanks to the excellent railway network which took us to these beautiful locations including Pisa and Naples to view the Leaning Tower and Mt.Vesuvius respectively. Shopping was another integral part which was guided by our hotel staff, a middle-aged Bangladeshi gentleman, who took us to the perfect places to pick up souvenirs.

After a week in Italy our next destination was Switzerland-the very name of which brings picturesque landscapes and filming locations to our minds. This small, beautiful country is truly a heavenly abode. On a partly cloudy day, we boarded the Grindelwald train from Zermatt which took us to a height of 4000m to get a view of the tallest peak of the majestic Alps, Mt.Matterhorn. A temperature of -6degrees was no barrier to our excitement as we witnessed the grandiose. Our next stop, Interlaken, provided a better exposure to Swiss culture and life, although the city has a distinctive number of Indian inhabitants. The town provides excellent panoramic view from Harder Kulm, a rope-way connected view point showcasing the adjoining mountains and lakes. The next two days was more of exploring around the city of Lucerne with cruises, shopping and 'lots of food', including all the Swiss chocolates. The highlight of our visit was the trip to the two famous peaks-Jungfrau and Titlis. As we travelled by the Glacier express to these spots, we passed by the countryside, the greenery soothing our eyes portrayingsuch breathtaking landscapes, the beauty of which is beyond words. And of course, it isn't a trip to the Alps without seeing the cows on the hillsides wearing their bells. The snow sheets, icecaves, failed attempts of making a snowman, adventure sports, rotating cable cars everything make Jungrau and Titlisworth all the money.

2 weeks passed like a dream as we finally headed back to our country, back to our monotonous lives. As I landed in India, I found two wrappers in my bag as I pulled out the passport. The Lindt chocolate was already tingling my taste buds.

Sreejeeta Dey
Batch of 2015


EUROPE
A Wander luster's Paradise

Indian Girl Backpacking in Japan!

Internship is one of those most eagerly awaited time of your college life at MCODS and yes I am one of those who started planning all my trips for the internship year just as my Final Year University Part 2 ended. Japan, the land of the rising sun! There was no better way to start.
Day 1 started with getting on bicycles to explore the calm, small town of Fukuoka. He took me around his university. The campus of Kyushu University blew me away. I couldn't stop getting excited about the sensor enabled lights in the whole campus. They sense footsteps of people and light up on their own! I was tired from all the travel, so day 1 ended like that, with us grabbing some dinner.

Day 2 started with going a little away from Fukuoka, to Tenjin, a town with beautiful buildings touching the sky. We then headed to the Dazaifu Tenmangu Shrine. The way to the shrine had a lot of eateries, shops selling Japanese goodies and the most amazing Starbucks Coffee outlet I have ever seen! There were people meditating, we felt the calm and it was a satisfying experience.

Day 3 was the Graduation Day of Jeevan, his big day. The day of congratulations and celebrations. I couldn't stop applauding when my brother got his degree, I was so glad I was there to witness it. After the graduation, we rushed, because oh, we had to catch our flight to the next destination, OSAKA!
Night life of Dotonbori was our next stop. The whole street was smelling of authentic Japanese food! What caught my attention the most were the signboards in front of the shops. It was big and extravagant depicting what they were selling. That place was oozing happiness and fun.
Day 4 was the most awaited day of the trip, because, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS! I had heard so much about Osaka's Universal Studios, I couldn't contain the excitement. We started off with the 'Wizarding World of Harry Potter'. The Harry Potter themed ride made us feel like we were in that movie. It was nothing short of magical. We clicked pictures in the Gryffindor robes, had butterbeer and bought a lot of Harry Potter goodies. We had tummy tumbling roller coaster rides in the 'Hollywood Dream' and 'The Jurassic Park'. We then covered rides like



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Dr. Juhi Joshy
Batch of 2013

Anatomy of a BDS University Exam

Trying to sum up the radical change a University Finals brings into our lives.





Most of us being hostelites, there are two scheduled timings of arrival of the exams:
1. Approximately 30 days before the exam: Complex calculations of upcoming birthdays, long weekends, lazy Tuesdays or expected incapacitating dysmennorhea may change it to 35-36 days.
2. Three days before the exam: The arrival of studs with arms ripped from carrying the huge volumes of Neville or Shafers signifies that a storm is about to come.
3. There is NO number 3.

The studying pattern and paraphernalia associated with the studying ritual has some interesting groups.

1. The Key holders: From sunrise to moonrise and even beyond that, you will probably find these creatures faithfully occupying their pre booked study corners. You will pass by them in the corridors, library hallways muttering an answer on repeat mode. These are the reason the mess finds customers willing to eat the moong and matki for the entire month schedule. Also identified by the interesting calligraphy and graffiti left on the study hall tables for the generations to come.

2.The Dynamic Duo: Brought together by fate, they follow their commitment so well, its serious goals! In health and in sickness, for better and for worse, to love (read as study) and to cherish (read as revise) until parted by vacations. They come to know almost all the facets of each other's lives. From heat boils and acne stories to childhood crushes and relationship advices, the exchange of information is impressive.
3. The Exam Couples: Not to be confused with the above stated entity. These comprise of two individuals with the same time span of attention, speed of studying and common practical batches. They wake up and sleep at the same time, have breakfast, lunch and dinner together, duration of personal or family calls of one are controlled by the other. You will always see them virtually joined to the hip.

4.The Samaj Sevaks: The 2% on whom the rest 98% are dependent upon. These are the ones on who help us with completed journals and photocopied notes. They are extremely pertinent and have brown paper covers, stickers and permanent markers in their armament. They send pictures on whatsapp group chats of spotters, notes and instructions. They post the timetable as soon as the University finishes putting it up (extremely efficient workforce). They are the only people in the group who receive thank you messages.

5. The Nomads: You meet them everywhere but can't find them anywhere. They are completely true to the "My life, My Rules" understanding. Not studying at a place for more than two hours at a stretch, they are the electrons in the outermost orbits and seen shuttling frequently.

6. The Consistent PJites: From bed, to breakfast to nearby shops, it's PJs all the way! Clovia, Zivame or Jockey, your patrons can be found here. The day exams end, you can see them clean up better than Cinderella. PJs transform into LBDs and dark circles vanish under concealers and artfully applied kohl. What say fairy godmother?

7. The ones who stopped existing: They disappear a few weeks before the exam. They are probably studying in their room and are never seen except during meal times. (maybe not even then!)

8. The psychics: They have excessively studied the previous year question papers and exam patterns to the point of knowing the questions better than the answers. They are known to predict the questions for the upcoming exams. They are the beacon of hope for those who have lost all faith in themselves one night before the exam.

Exams transforms individuals as well as interpersonal relations:

· Malls=Places to buy toothpaste, maggi, coffee, milk
· Coffee=Revital (jago jee bhar ke)
· Myntra/Nykaa/Dominoes delivery person=Santa Claus
· Seniors=God parents
· Juniors= Motivation source
· Laundry/Stationary shopping=change of atmosphere/outings
· Bed=Electromagnet
· Books=Places to keep dried roses no more
· Laptop/Mobile galleries=places to save notes/spotter photos/practical data
· Whatsapp status=Busy/DND/Call if urgent/UNINSTALLED
· Facebook/Instagram=source of all the Lets do this/go there/have this after the exam plans.

(T&C: All photos uploaded during this time in places and clothes other than mentioned above are strictly #tbt or #takemeback)

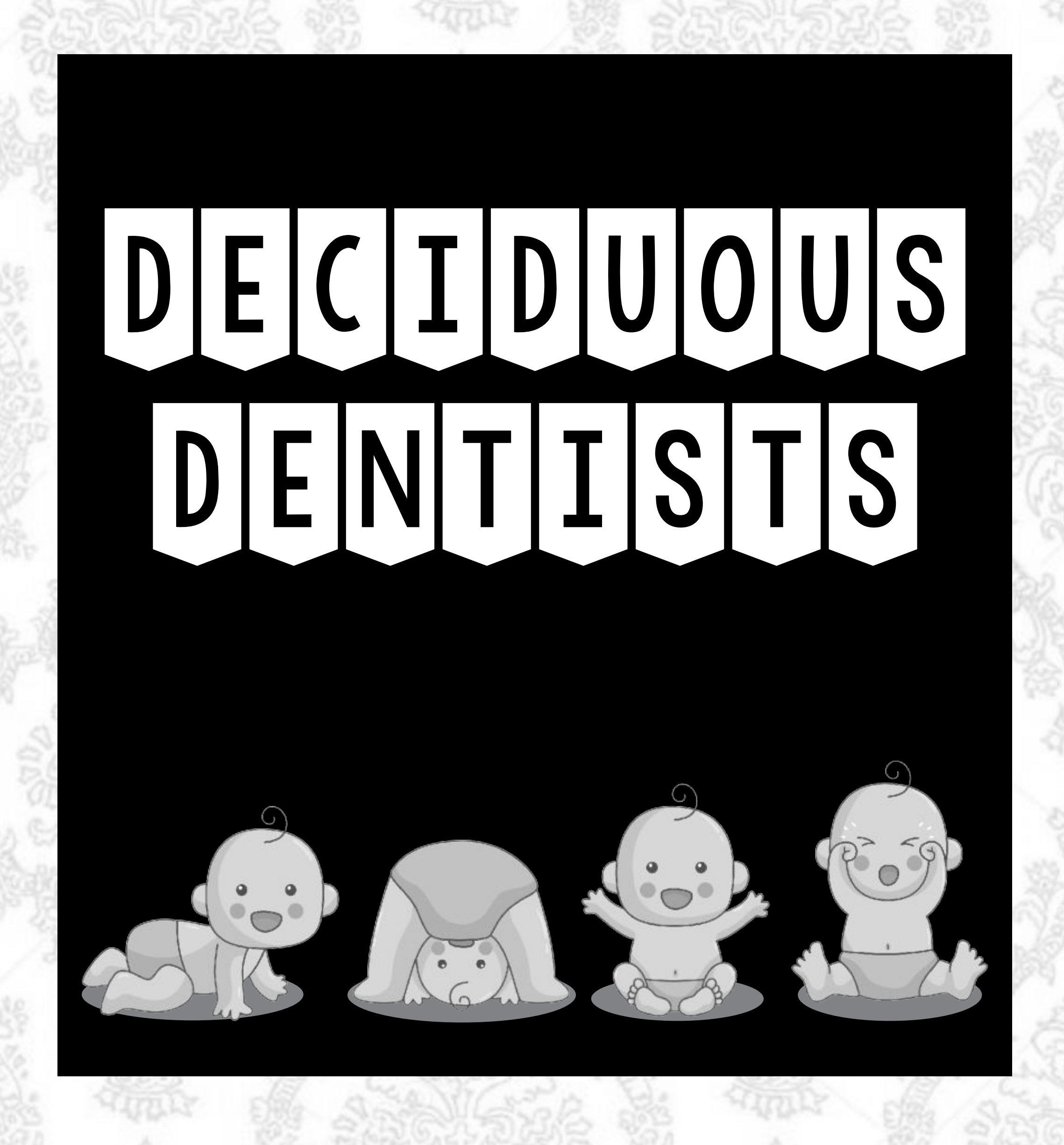
Flawless skin/Shiny hair/Bright eyes/Composed, sane minds= WHAT??

Teachers are diligently wished. Lab coats can feature in Nirma/Tide/Ujala advertisements. Hairstyles show unrecognizable makeovers. OH, but the day exams end, the transformation seen is unbelievable. The oppressed cute clothes break free, parlor lady is top of the most wanted list, restaurants/movie theatres will be already booked, status uploads show revenge fury. #Examsdone #over #finally #FreeAfterSoLong #Freedom #MuchNeededBreak!

5 University Exams, 15 sessional exams and innumerable practical exams: the journey of becoming a Dentist was one hell of an experience!

Wishing all my juniors ALL THE BEST!

Dr. Apoorva Anand
Batch of 2013



Who would have thought these milk toothed toddlers would eventually replace their rattles with dental drills?

Do not hold back your smiles as you flip through the following pages trying to figure out who is who.















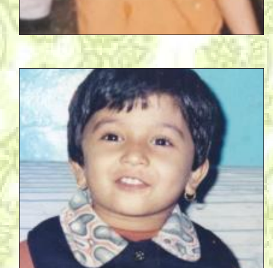








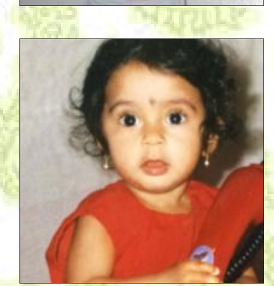










For answers, see page no. 148, 149







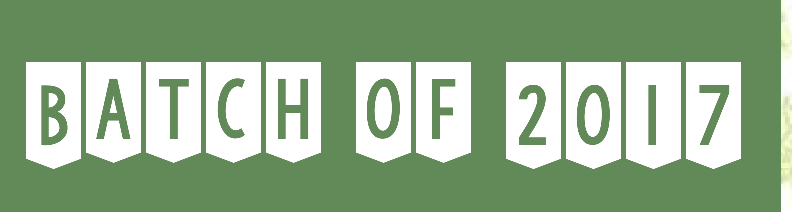











BATCH OF 2017





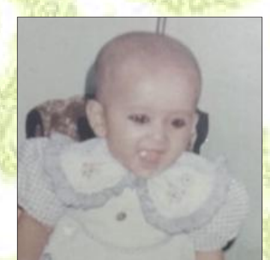


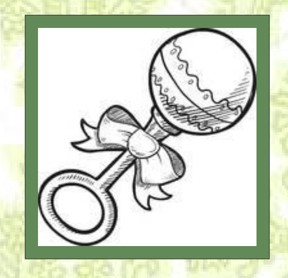














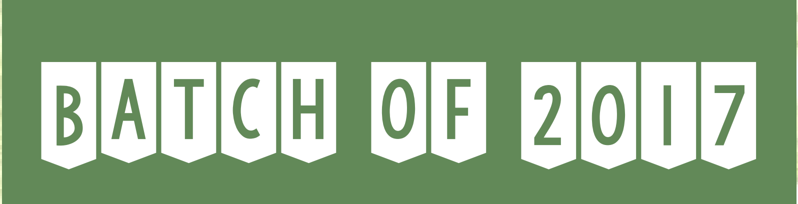











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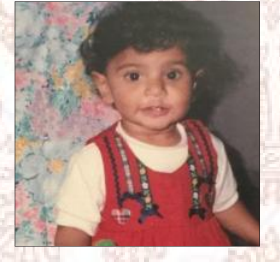




















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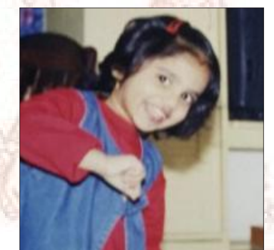




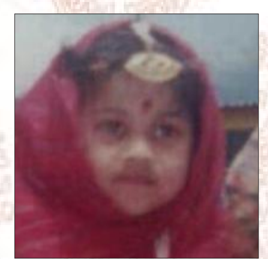







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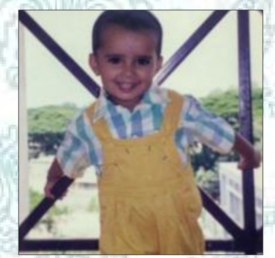




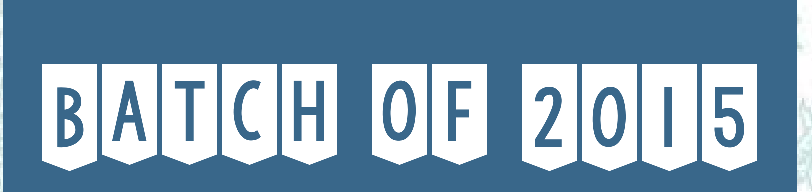





ABC




BATCH OF 2015























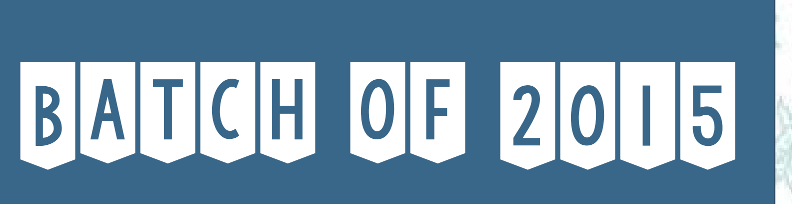




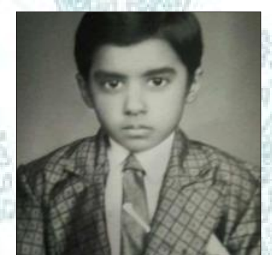







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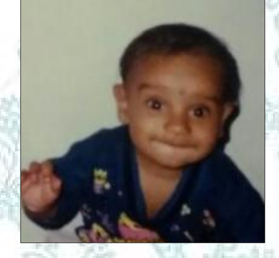


















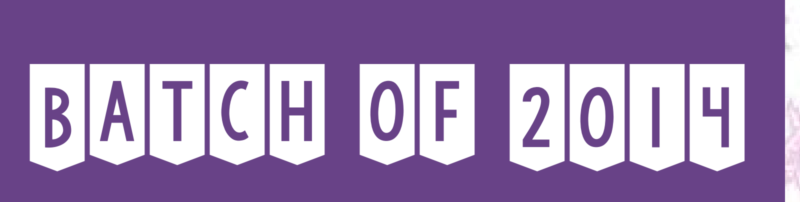











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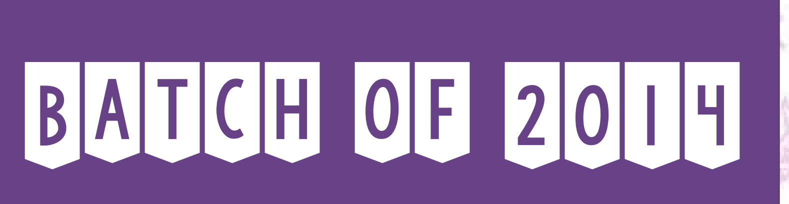








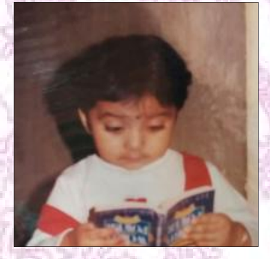



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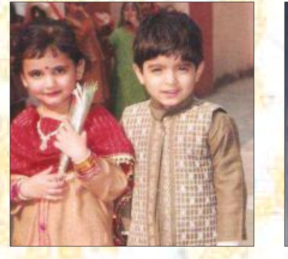










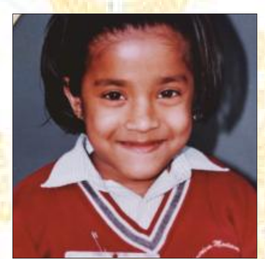


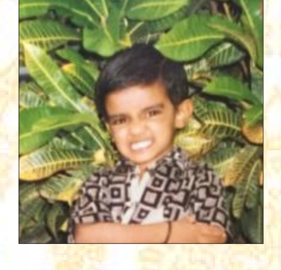


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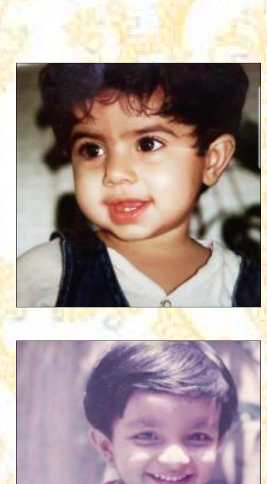












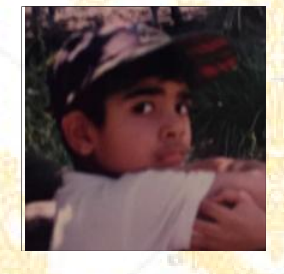










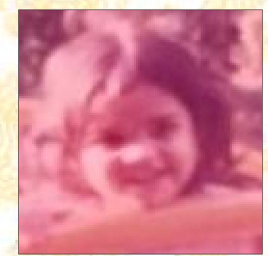



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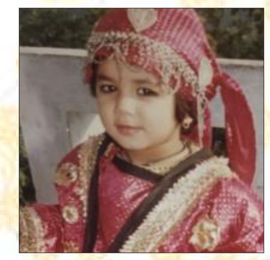
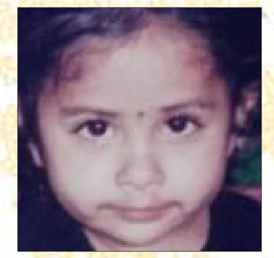




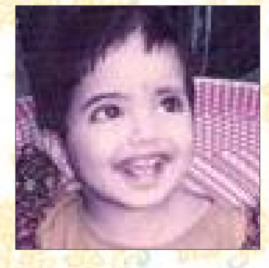




















BATCH OF 2013













ANSWER KEYS

__DECIDUOUS DENTISTS__

Batch of 2017:

Page 1: **Row 1:** Jatin, Harshima, Haritha, Gulmehek, Garima **Row 2:** Diksha, Devyani, Debolina, Ayshath, Viswanadh **Row 3:** Ashutosh, Aashi, Arpita, Anubha Singh, Anubha Sachan **Row 4:** Amrutha, Anamitra **Row 5:** Aishwarya C., Aiswariya S, Aishwariya U., Akanksha, Akash **Row 6:** Tuhina, __, Aradhya, Adarsh, Adithya **Row 7:** Sriparna, Shubham, Siddharth, Sneha, Sonali Page 2: **Row 1:** Shilpa, Shikha, Sharon, Sayan, Saumya **Row 2:** Sara, Sanchalika, Samadrita, C Sai, Sachin **Row 3:** Rupsa, Ruchira, Roopal, Ritu, Rekha **Row 4:** Rahul, Radhika **Row 5:** Pranav, Pooja, Parthivee,__, Noel **Row 6:** Nafeesath, Muskaan, Meghana, Martoni, Mahen **Row 7:** Kushaggr, Kruti, Kishan, Kavya, Jyotsna Page 3: **Row 1:** Swapnil, Shruti, Surabhi **Row 2:** Shivali, Aindrla, Nirlipta, Simran, Shivangi **Row 3:** Shipra, Poulomi **Row 4:** Shubhalaxmi, Ashwini, Madhu, Gishal, Sourabh **Row 5:** Vidisha, Siddharth, Vishakha

Batch of 2016:

Page 1: **Row 1:** Shasshank, Saranya, Rajat, Parul, Amrit. **Row 2:** Akshara, Akhil, Akanksha, Aishwarya, Aiman **Row 3:** Yash M, Vyshnevi, Vidisha, Vennela, Vedant **Row 4:** VB Kiran, Vani Manasa **Row 5:** Tusheel

Tsaimin,Tamanna, Swathi, Srinija **Row 6:** Sreya, Smrithi, Smiti, Subhshree, Shubham S **Row 7:** Shubhan P,

Shreya S, Shilpa, Shefali S, Shefali R. Page 2: **Row 1:** Shatakshi, Shama, Satrupa, Sarah, Sapthami **Row 2:** Samreen, Samikhya, Samanvitha, Saisaumya, Sadheeka **Row 3:** Rupesh, Rukhsar, Ritu, Reshmi, Reeti **Row 4:** Reena, Rajeshwari **Row 5:** Rachana, Purva, Priyanka, Prachi, Nimalka **Row 6:** Nilisha, Mridula, Maria, Manpreet, Manasa P **Row 7:** Mahima, Mahalakshmi, Lipika, Leeba, Lalith Page 3: **Row 1:** Kumar Yash, Kripa, Kochuthresi, Kiran B, Kaveesha **Row 2:** Koustav, Kartik N, Karthik S, Kannan, Jason **Row 3:** Himali, Harika, Gayatri P, Gayatri B, Drisya **Row 4:** Devika, Divyashree **Row 5:** Christina, Damini, Debapriya, Deepa **Row 6:** Anurag M, Archana, Ayushma, Bagmayee, Bharath **Row 7:** Debangana, Amrita, Angelica, Anila, Anurag K

Batch of 2015:

Page 1: **Row 1:** Ananya N., Akriti, Anshita, Aditya I., Aayush. **Row 2:** Aarti, Aakash, Umang, Sunny, Srishty P **Row 3:** Sriparna, Sreejeeta, Somya, Soham, Shubhangi G. **Row 4:** Shubham K., Shubham A. **Row 5:** Shriya, Shrishty B., Shrishti J., Shreya M., Shohini **Row 6:** Shaleen, Saurav, Sanskriti, Sanjana, Sanchari. **Row 7:** Sam, Saagarika, Rushita, Ritvi, Rituparna. Page 2: **Row 1:** Preeti, Nivedha, Niharicka,Narsimha, Mudit **Row 2:** Mrinal, Manisha, Manasvi, Maithreye, Mahima S **Row 3:** Mahima M., Madhu, Lokesh, Lipsi, Krishnapriya **Row 4:** Kevin, Karen **Row 5:** Jewel, Jareer, Harshhan, Harsh, Hamsini **Row 6:** Gaurav R., Gaurav C, Farheen, Dharitri **Row 7:** Chandrika, Bhabna, Barath ,Ayshwarya, Ayan Page 3: **Row 1:** Kriti, Elina S., Vidushi, Vaidhegi, Nithin **Row 2:** Shilpa, Isha, Sumedha, Siddhant, Srishti M. **Row 3:** Ashwathy, Arunima, Aparna, Anwesha, Vaishnavi **Row 4:** Sthithika, Basith, Megha, Roopa **Row 5:** Ashish, Anishetty, Abhinav, Tuhin, Tarinee **Row 6:** Kriti G., Radhika, Saloni, Maitree, Anju **Row 7:** Pooja, Shubhangi B., Anirudh, Tanupriya, Stuti.

ANSWER KEYS

Batch of 2014:

Page 1: **Row 1:** Abhinav M., Abhijith SM, Aasaura, Varsha, Tanya K. **Row 2:** Tanya A., Tanvi B., Sunayana P., Sunayana B., Sunanda **Row 3:** Suhani, Srishty G., Srikrishna, Sreedatree, Sovik **Row 4:** Somya G., Siddharth M. **Row 5:** Shweta, Shreyansh, Shivangini N., Sheetal J, Shambhavi G. **Row 6:** Shalini S., Shaiqua, Saranya, Sanjna, Sagnik **Row 7:** Saahil, Rupsa, Rashi, Rachna, Pritam Page 2: **Row 1:** Aparna R., Syubli, Niharika, Srishti R **Row 2:** Shivani S, Ghazala, Divye, Digvijay, Debotri **Row 3:** Ashmita, Avi, Avinash, Baani, Bidushi **Row 4:** Arubarna, Arundhati **Row 5:** Ananya B, Ann T, Annapoorna P., Anushri, Anushta **Row 6:** Achsah Ann, Aditi S, Amritha, Anahita, Ananjana **Row 7:** Prerna, Pratish, Prateek B, Praseeda, Paras Page 3: **Row 1:** Isha **Row 2:** Kopal, Minu, Paavas, Nishtha, Krish **Row 3:** Madhura, Meenakshi **Row 4:** Krishna B., Mohita, Nilay, Neha, Lekshmi N **Row 5:** Jaivrat

Batch of 2013:

Page 1: **Row 1:** Harshita, Rakhima, Shikha, Suhrudwamsi, Sparsh K. **Row 2:** Himanshi G., Rachel T, Amulya, Birti, Rattika **Row 3:** Liji, Apoorva S., Sankalp, Shalini, Shweta MO **Row 4:** Aastha Todi, Fiona Shee **Row 5:**Asiya Murtaza, Pinkle, Shefaly, Juhi J., Suprathima R. **Row 6:**Dhruv R., Aashna R., Viral, Anusha, Dhruv G. **Row 7:** Arshia U., Suhina, Ranjan, Natasha R, Alisha O. Page 2: **Row 1:** Rica, Nitin G., Mahima J., Munazza, Shambhavi S. **Row 2:** Aashna J., Juhi A., Ansu, Adarsh, Lim Ern Hui **Row 3:** Chong Hao Pin, Sakshi S., Shihu, Jenny Ling Pin Pin, Ong Hui Ni **Row 4:**Hemant, Ong Hui Jun **Row 5:** Jaden, Ananthu, Ujjaini, Shivangi S., Ann Mary **Row 6:** Akanksha, Yashodhara, Annapurna, Aditya N, Parth C. **Row 7:**Gayathri VS, Mohana, Kavinci, Shreya HR, Aastha M. Page 3: **Row 1:** Aswathy, Nilina **Row 2:** Archana M., Lai Ching Seong, Shirazshan, Femitha, Eden **Row 3:** Apoorva A., Aarti P., Samrina, Sanjana R., Ananya E. **Row 4:** Nikita R., Prayaga **Row 5:** Devika, Jismi, Tanya S., Nilormi, Akhil Suresh **Row 6:** Aminath, Tyssi tytus, Chelsea Khor Wen Phing, Iren, Kavitha R **Row 7:** Dhiraj P.

PLEASE DON"T STOP THE MUSIC

1. Wonder Wall-Oasis 2. Poker Face- Lady Gaga 3. Set fire to the rain- Adele 4. Radioactive- Imagine Dragons 5. Umbrella- Rihanna 6. Castle on the hill- Ed Sheeran 7. Eight days a week- The Beatles 8.Trumpets- Jason Derulo 9. Panda- Designer 10. Cake by the ocean- DNCE 11. Teenage Dream- Katy Perry 12. Titanium- David Guetta ft. Sia 13. Bleeding Love- Leona Lewis 14. Blurred Lines- Robin Thicke 15. Sugar- Maroon 5 16. Wake me up when September ends- Greenday 17. Girl on fire- Alicia Keys 18. Pillow Talk- Zayn Malik 19. Chandelier- Sia 20. Telephone- Lady Gaga

Come Meet the Team



Somya Tyagi

Leader of our tribe. She redefines the word 'awesome'. She's the pulp that maintains the vitality of the Ed board.





The calm, supportive person you can always fall back on. Nivedha's infallible intuition and eye for intricate details transcend supernatural.

Parul Nagar

Let's just say appearances can be deceiving. If you ever thought otherwise, you should see this girl's keen perseverance in pestering people to get work done.

Dr. Apoorva Anand



A figure hailing from planet 'Talent'. She's the person you go to if you're ever in a fix. Her approachable personality provides the much needed balance to all of us.



Dr. Aakash Agnihotri

He doesn't waste his words but when he speaks he obliterates all dilemmas. Basically, master Yoda. Also, can probably save the world with his sketches.





The enthusiastic doer, bursting with ideas, Sunny's zeal for his work cannot be challenged. He adds a fuel to the creative fire with his prompt ideas.

Sumedha Mitra

An effortless writer. Her pen is indeed mightier than the sword with unvanquished words for all unconquerable situations.



Anahita Deo

The hustler. She can get the job done before you know it. If ever she fails to accomplish it, you may ascertain everyone else will too.



Sreya Dutta

A mystery box of talent, Sreya can make anything look aesthetically appealing. Every day a new surprise is unveiled. Probably wants to roast you.



Tanya Anshu

There's nothing that can be erased from her photographic memory. She can cook up stories that can leave you laughing for days on end.



Shruti Singh

Quick-witted and full of enthusiasm, she's always on the look-out for something trendy.



Parthivee Sharma

Bubbling with first year enthusiasm, she is forever ready to take up a task and never fails to accomplish it. She exceeds all expectations.







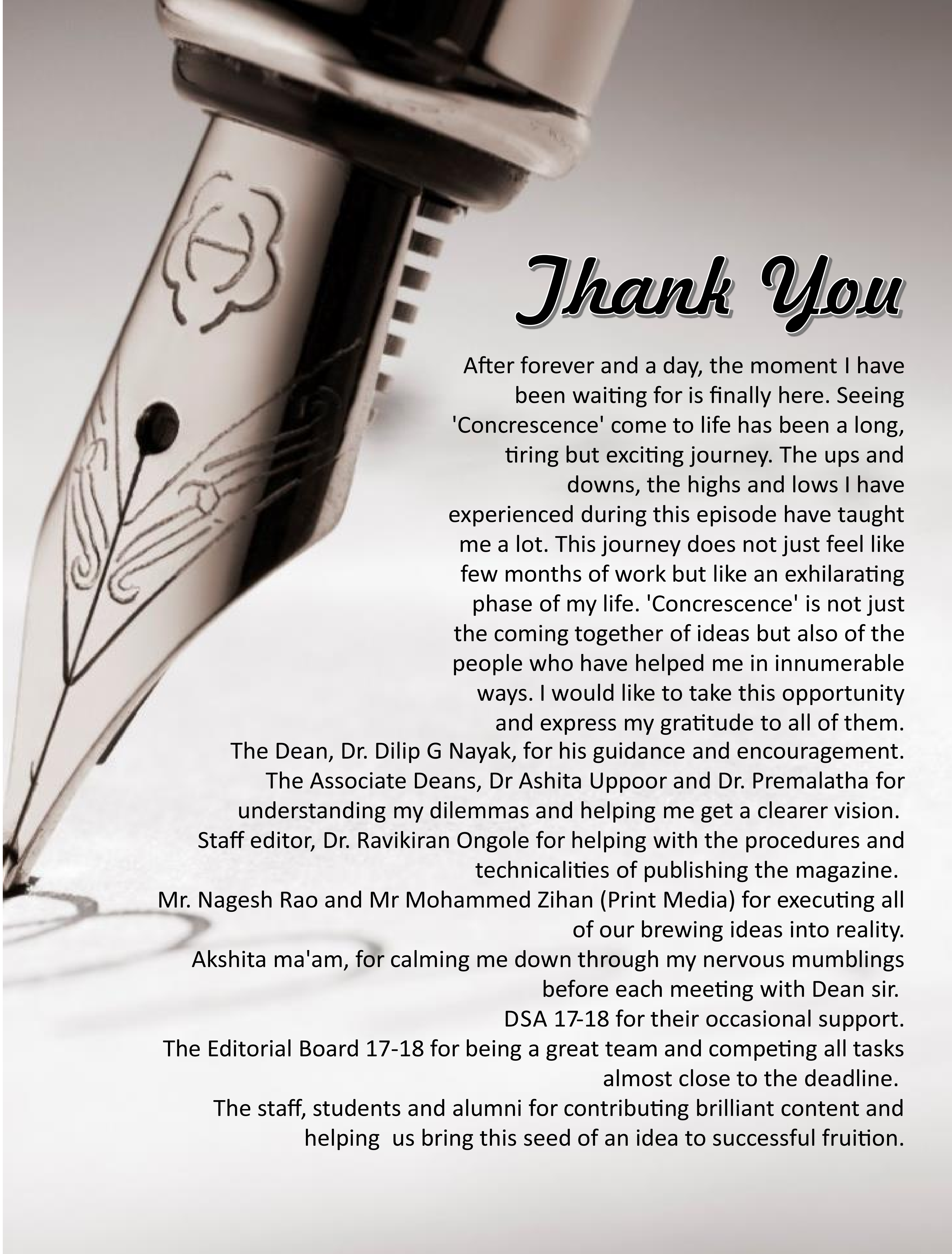
The team behind the dream with our mentor Dr. Ravikiran Ongole



Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success.

Henry Ford





Thank You

After forever and a day, the moment I have been waiting for is finally here. Seeing 'Concrescence' come to life has been a long, tiring but exciting journey. The ups and downs, the highs and lows I have experienced during this episode have taught me a lot. This journey does not just feel like few months of work but like an exhilarating phase of my life. 'Concrescence' is not just the coming together of ideas but also of the people who have helped me in innumerable ways. I would like to take this opportunity and express my gratitude to all of them.

The Dean, Dr. Dilip G Nayak, for his guidance and encouragement.

The Associate Deans, Dr Ashita Uppoor and Dr. Premalatha for understanding my dilemmas and helping me get a clearer vision.

Staff editor, Dr. Ravikiran Ongole for helping with the procedures and technicalities of publishing the magazine.

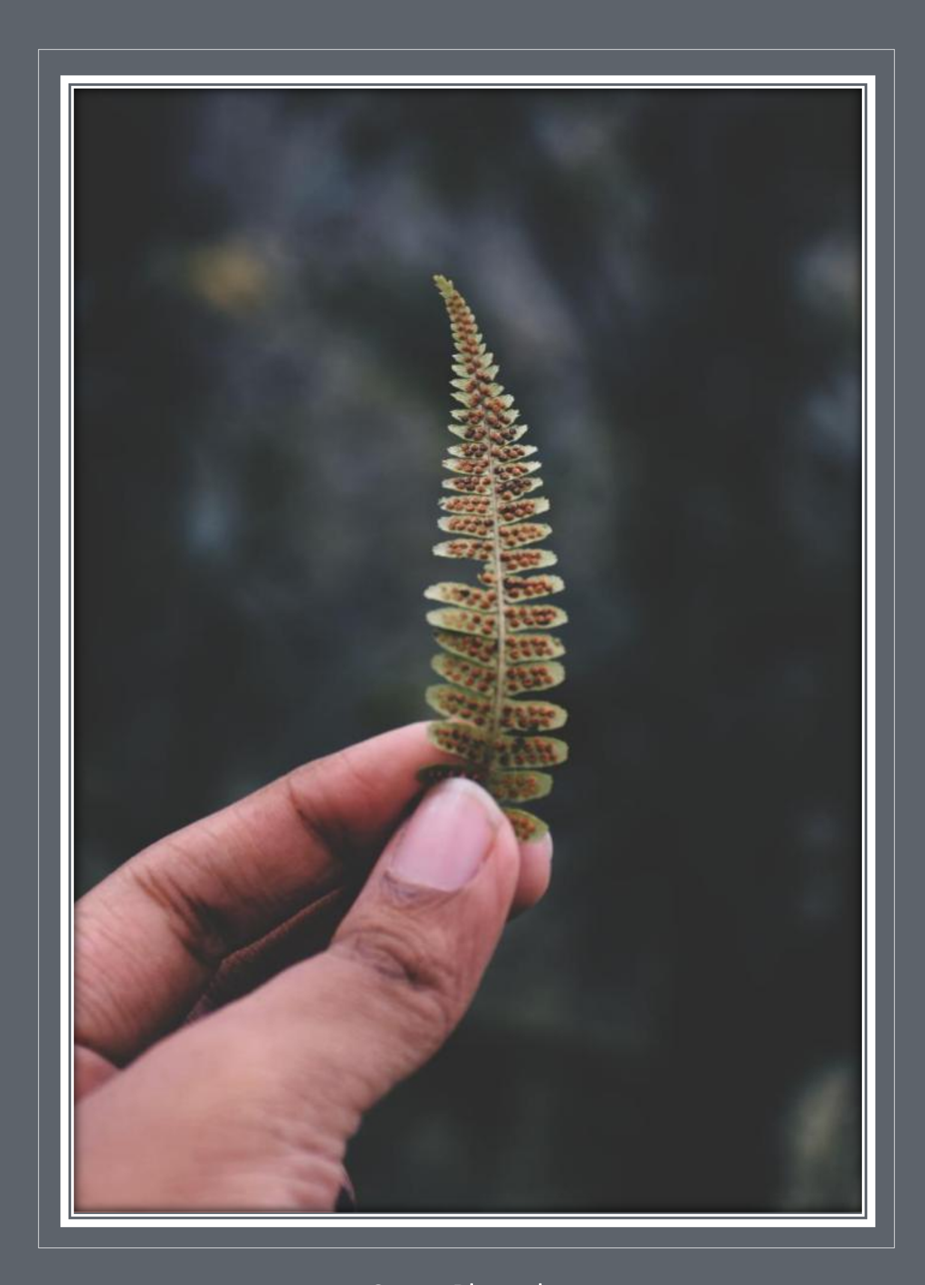
Mr. Nagesh Rao and Mr Mohammed Zihan (Print Media) for executing all of our brewing ideas into reality.

Akshita ma'am, for calming me down through my nervous mumblings before each meeting with Dean sir.

DSA 17-18 for their occasional support.

The Editorial Board 17-18 for being a great team and competing all tasks almost close to the deadline.

The staff, students and alumni for contributing brilliant content and helping us bring this seed of an idea to successful fruition.



Cover Photo by
Sreya Dutta, Batch of 2016

"Creativity is piercing the mundane to find the marvellous."
-Daniel Patrick Moynihan